

Children's Newspaper, October 16, 1937

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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THE COURT OF GOOD HOPE

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ROBOT UP IN THE SKY

The Marvellous Machine with a Weather Brain

WIRELESS weather Robots are being employed by the U S Weather Bureau to bring news from the upper air.

Some are sent up from Fairbanks in Alaska to bring first news of cold waves from the North Pole, where so much of the winter weather comes from.

A knowledge of what is happening in the upper air is the most crying need of the weather forecasters. In the summer months an aeroplane is often seen at the evening hours over London, taking observations for this purpose on behalf of the Air Ministry; but aeroplanes for this inquiry, either in England or in America, rarely go higher than three miles, which is not high enough. Besides aeroplanes, sounding balloons which carry self-registering instruments are also sent up, and get much higher; but they most often come down, with their instruments and the observations, some distance away. They have to be found, and the observations are too delayed to be of immediate use or value.

The new instrument sent up in America on the sounding balloons is a small wireless sending set, which reports by

wireless the temperature, air pressure, and moisture of the air through which it passes. It will also tell the force and direction of the wind at various heights. When the balloon loses its gas and drops the delicate instrument is protected against damage by a self-opening parachute which breaks the fall.

This extremely ingenious Robot recorder consists of a miniature wireless broadcasting responses from the three elements it carries, each of them made sensitive to a different atmospheric change.

A tiny lever or hand is always kept moving on the instrument by clockwork. It passes on its journey over three other hands, each one of which is keeping a note of any change in its particular department of temperature, pressure, or moisture. As the hands meet contact is made with them and a signal is broadcast. It reaches the observers at the weather station at once and is there interpreted and measured on a chart.

These ingenious instruments have to be very carefully adjusted, and only a few of them are yet in use; but their future as weather forecasters is assured.

Autumn Glory



THE LONDON TELEPHONE GIRL IN 1942

Automatic Life Marches On

OUR lives become increasingly automatic.

The lift attendant disappears, tube trains leave us to look after ourselves, the moving staircase delights the young and frightens the old, the telephone girl no longer says Hullo, and we are left to work a telephone dial.

There is good in this if it decreases the number of people who are set to do brainless jobs, but we need to sharpen our wits to handle automatic devices with precision. The automatic dial is a trial at first, but it is all-conquering.

In five years every telephone exchange within ten miles of Charing Cross will be automatic.

We shall not hear a telephone operator unless we dial O, or wish to talk to a friend outside the London area.

An amusing and instructive anecdote comes from California. A certain John Sutton of Oakland has opened an automatic confectionery shop. The customer is left to choose his purchase, to put it in a provided bag, and to use an automatic cash-register to pay for his purchase and get his change. Mr Sutton leaves his customers to be honestly automatic (or automatically honest?), and says that the system points to a social reform which would save the world through trust. We hope to hear more of this shop!



Among the dahlias in a nursery at Swanley in Kent, and,

in the picture above, gathering pampas grass at Farnham in Surrey

The Silkworm at the Altar

Something new has happened, in an ancient church, and something of remarkable interest.

It is the little white church in front of Lullingstone Castle in Kent. The house has been the home of the Hart Dykes for 400 years, and the church has their monuments. The changing times have brought the shadow of the builder round about the park, but Sir Oliver Hart Dyke has saved the centre of the park, and the rest of it will be part of the Green Belt.

Lady Hart Dyke has built up a splendid silkworm farm here, and has been remarkably successful.

What has happened now is that a new altar frontal has been dedicated at the little church, made from silk spun by the silkworms at the castle.

We have no doubt whatever that St Botolph's Church at Lullingstone is the only church in England with an altar decked with silk spun by the silkworms of the parish.

LIGHT FOR THE BLIND

Another Victory of Waterloo

A little blind girl is on her way from Canada to England to find the light.

In remote Saskatchewan, where she lives, the light of day has never reached her eyes through her sealed eyelids in all the seven years of her life; but the eyelids can be opened, the clever London surgeons say. They are confident, because at the Royal Waterloo Hospital in Waterloo Road the sight of a blind boy, afflicted in just the same way that she is, was miraculously given to him.

He now sees perfectly; but that is only one side of the story. The other is of a golden deed as interesting as the miracle. The boy's parents, in gratitude for what was done for their child, will take care of the little Canadian stranger in their own home all the time she is in England.

Otherwise, though kind friends in Canada would pay for her passage to England, and the Canadian High Commissioner in London was willing to help, nothing could have been done.

But now all is settled, soon she will be here, and the next news the Hospital hopes to send us is that she has become one of the happy children of light.

Over 100 New Warships

The present British naval expansion is on a scale never before dreamed of.

The object aimed at is to enable the Empire to meet any possible attack in both hemispheres, to maintain a great fleet in the Far East as well as in Europe.

Another great naval programme is being planned for 1938, but, making no allowance for that, the following warships are either building or about to be laid down under existing programmes:

- 5 battleships of 35,000 tons
- 5 great aircraft carriers
- 22 cruisers from 5000 to 10,000 tons
- 40 destroyers
- 18 submarines
- 20 smaller vessels

It is a total of 110 vessels, really a new great Navy, which is being built. It should be added that at Geneva Mr Eden declared that Britain is ready at any time to discuss mutual disarmament.

The War on the German Pastors

The lot of the courageous pastors of the German Evangelical Church has recently become much harder.

When the State universities insisted on the divinity professors teaching their students the National-Socialist creed, many professors left to teach in colleges founded by the Church. These colleges have now been dissolved by the Chief of Police, who has also declared that the reading of a manifesto demanding freedom for the Church to teach and train her ministers was contrary to the orders of the Minister of Church Affairs, and likely to endanger the welfare of the State.

When tried at the courts for breaches of the regulations pastors have been released because their offences were merely against the discipline of the Church; but as these offences will now contravene police regulations they will be criminal, entailing severe penalties.

The Drunken Motorist

It is undoubtedly in the interests of all road users that where a man is found intoxicated in charge of a machine capable of inflicting injury or death on innocent people he should go to prison.

Mr S. Bowman, magistrate at Croydon

B-P's CLEVER BROTHER

A Wonder Man of the Wonderful Century

The Chief Scout has lost his younger brother, a famous pioneer of flying. He was Major Baden-Powell, who has passed away in Kent.

He was one of the wonder men of the early days of this wonderful century, one of the first men to experiment with wireless and flying apparatus. Twenty years before the war Major Baden-Powell was experimenting with man-lifting kites, a development of a practical knowledge of ballooning which he had gained at the age of 21 when he made his first ascent.

Not only did he experiment himself, but by writing in the Aeronautical Journal, which he founded in 1897, and in other scientific publications, Major Baden-Powell encouraged many a young man to follow in his footsteps, to the great benefit of aviation.

He was one of the first Englishmen to prove that gliders were a practical means of flight, an inclined surface being specially built for him at the Crystal Palace. When Wilbur Wright was making his early flights at Le Mans in 1908 Major Baden-Powell accompanied him in the air, and he forthwith devoted his energies to perfecting propellers. He made two aeroplanes, one with swivelling propellers, a forerunner of the helicopter.

Wireless, too, was among his interests from its earliest days, for he realised as a worldwide traveller how important such an idea would become in bringing all peoples together.

Unlike most of the pioneers of his youth, he lived to see his dreams come true.

DAVID MASSON'S DAUGHTER

Under the Table While Mazzini Talked

One of the best biographies of any English poet is David Masson's Life of Milton; it cannot be bought today except very rarely in a secondhand bookshop at a very high price.

David Masson's daughter (his eldest child, Flora) has just passed away, only two months after her only brother Sir David Masson, who died in Australia.

She was a remarkable lady; she heard Dickens read from Oliver Twist, knew Tennyson and Carlyle, kept a chair in which she saw Robert Browning sit, and remembered hiding under a table in her mother's drawing-room while Mazzini walked up and down talking earnestly on the wrongs of Italy.

She was one of Florence Nightingale's pupils in nursing, and loved to talk of the Lady of the Lamp. She was clever and wise and full of interesting memories, but one who knew her well has said that her simple, beautiful talk, her dignified charm, and her welcoming kindness are what will be best remembered.

The Homely Man

America has lost one of her homely philosophers by the death of Edgar Watson Howe.

He began life as a tramp printer, and rose to have a newspaper of his own in which he printed his simple philosophies. His youth was spent in wandering about, doing odd jobs as a printer on local papers, but in due time he established the Atchison Globe. In 1911 he sold this and published a monthly magazine, which ran until 1933. He wrote also nearly 30 books.

This extraordinary man was unfortunately much behind the times, and a little bitter; there was nothing bad enough, for example, for him to say about President Roosevelt.

THE CORNWALL SEALERS

Keeping Down the Fishermen's Enemy

Unknown to most of its thousands of visitors, beautiful Cornwall has an official company of seal-hunters.

They pursue these splendid animals, not for trade or profit, but to kill them as the declared enemies of the fishing industry.

The work is carried out under the direction of the county's Sea Fisheries Committee, so we must suppose that there is some evidence that seals do take prey that the fishermen covet. But Cornishmen of the sea and the seals that haunt their coast have managed to get along together for a thousand years on a live-and-let-live principle, and there is nothing we know to suggest that the seals have suddenly so increased their activities as really to menace the fishing.

Happily Cornwall does not expect to exterminate her seals. She has killed 72 this year as against 89 last year, but the authorities state that, so favourable are the conditions to multiplication, any attempt at their extinction is entirely hopeless.

A Ring Round the G.P.O?

There is a Public Accounts Committee of Parliament which jealously scrutinises every detail of public spending, and Post Office officials have been giving it some remarkable evidence.

Sir Henry Bunbury, the G.P.O. Accountant-General, spoke of spending £1,500,000 on telephone stores, the call for which is increasing with the great growth of the service. He told the Committee that there was "quite a close ring" of suppliers; that is, the chief suppliers agree with each other about prices.

With regard to telephone cord, he said that in 1933 the supplying firms were in keen competition with each other and prices were low. In the following year the firms agreed together and prices rose by half as much again.

The Post Office officials say they have been considering whether to make cord for themselves. Why not? It seems a good answer to the King.

Be Fruitful and Multiply

By Lord Bledisloe

It is not convincing to sing patriotic songs invoking the Almighty to extend the bounds of Empire "Wider still and wider" when we have in the Empire vast areas of fertile land crying out for occupation and development.

The prospects of international amity and mutual confidence would be greatly enhanced if Britain could, while extending the fullest economic facilities and concessions to other countries, act on the Divine injunction given to the Patriarchs of old:

Be fruitful and multiply and go in and possess that good land which God gave to your fathers.

Young 92

Rotten Row has lost a familiar rider and the City a familiar figure in Mr George Whitehead, who kept his 92nd birthday last month by driving his four-in-hand coach from Biggleswade to Cockayne Hatley.

Mr Whitehead has passed away after a very short illness. Nearly every day he rode in Rotten Row, a notable figure of age and vigour, and most correctly dressed. He loved horses and music, and never once in 40 years missed the Monday night Promenade concert.

LITTLE NEWS REEL

In the next six months the re-surfacing of roads in the London traffic area is to cover nearly two million square yards, the biggest programme for 13 years.

A hundred miles of Turkey's section of the great international motor road between London and the Bosphorus has now been opened; it runs between Istanbul and Lule Burgas, and is to be completed as far as the Turkish border.

A retriever known in Swansea as Swansea Jack, seven years old, has just died from rat poison; he had won five silver cups, six silver chains, and many medals, and had saved 29 lives.

It has been estimated that half our young bachelors buy chocolate twice a week; Cadbury's estimate 500 million purchases last year.

The fastest motor-ship in the world, the Prins Albert, is now carrying passengers between Ostend and Dover.

A memorial to John Drinkwater is to be unveiled next week at Leytonstone's Branch Library.

The German firm of Krupps have equipped new rolling mills in Yugoslavia in which the Government workers will be able to produce 180,000 tons of iron and steel a year.

London University's library of 300,000 volumes is being moved from South Kensington to the new headquarters in Bloomsbury. Several weeks will be occupied in moving the collection, which includes a First Folio Shakespeare.

A Tiny Step Toward Peace

Broadstairs Council has decided to blot out lines of Lest We Forget from the Lusitania raft on the pier.

It has been thought that it is a needless irritation to foreign visitors and that the removal of the words may be a step toward peace, friendship, and goodwill. One of the councillors (Councillor Frigate) said to the council:

I have a body full of war wounds, but I do not undress myself several times a day to look at them. I want to forget them.

THINGS SEEN

A starling perched for some time on the tip of a cow's nose.

At one of the new post-office tables, three people writing letters and one making up accounts.

A creeper creeping between the sashes of a window in the Temple, and spreading its leaves across the panes like a curtain of green lace.

Nine monkeys leaping across the roofs of the Haymarket, London.

A large yacht riding through London on a motor-lorry.

THINGS SAID

Nations claiming freedom for themselves deny it to others. President Roosevelt

It is impossible for any nation to isolate itself from economic and political upheavals in the rest of the world.

President Roosevelt

If Civilisation is to survive the principles of the Prince of Peace must be restored.

President Roosevelt

Work is the best currency. Herr Hitler

I believe no word of rumours of war.

General Smuts

The countries which keep away from the Italian-German friendship are led by the agents of the Jewish International.

Herr Streicher

Never speed a parting guest who has to drive home with "just another little drink." Dr Baldie, London police surgeon

It is curious that it should be taken for granted that a town's first recommendation is the ease with which you can get away from it. Professor W. G. Holford

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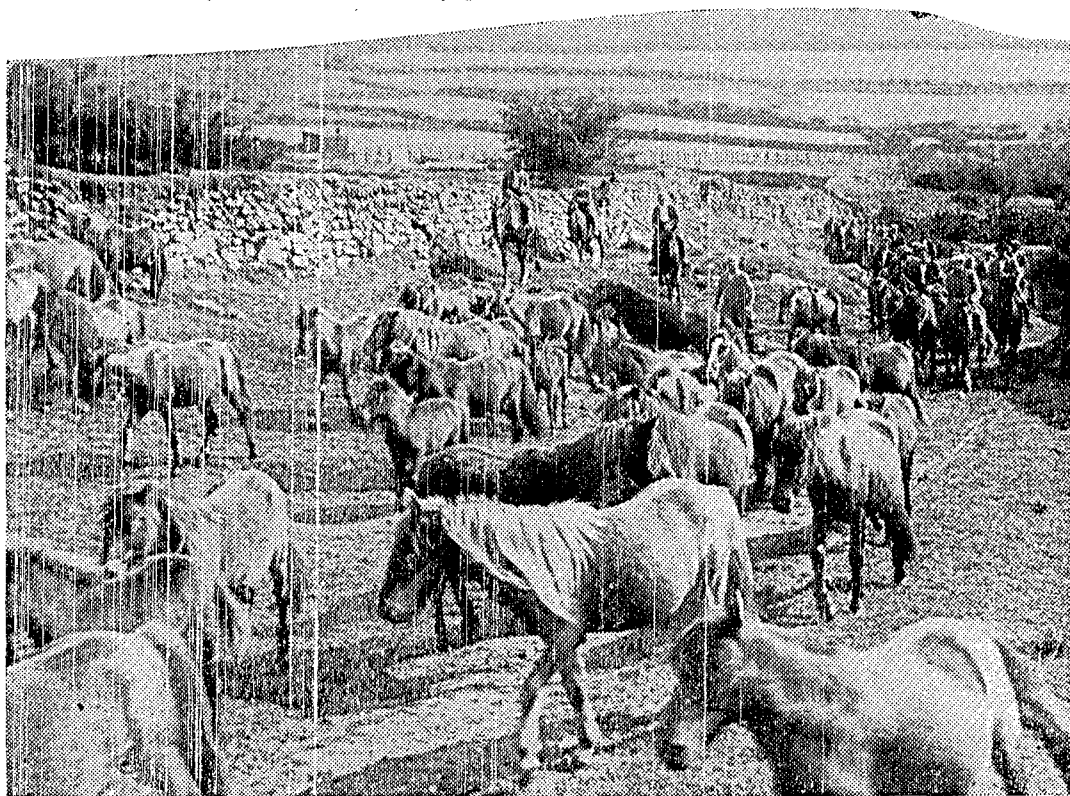
Safety First • Winter Sports in Australia • Busmen Off Duty



Kent's New Town—The first Mayor of Bexley, Mr A. J. Franklin, who is 82, plants a tree in Danson Park to celebrate the birthday of the new town. See page 11



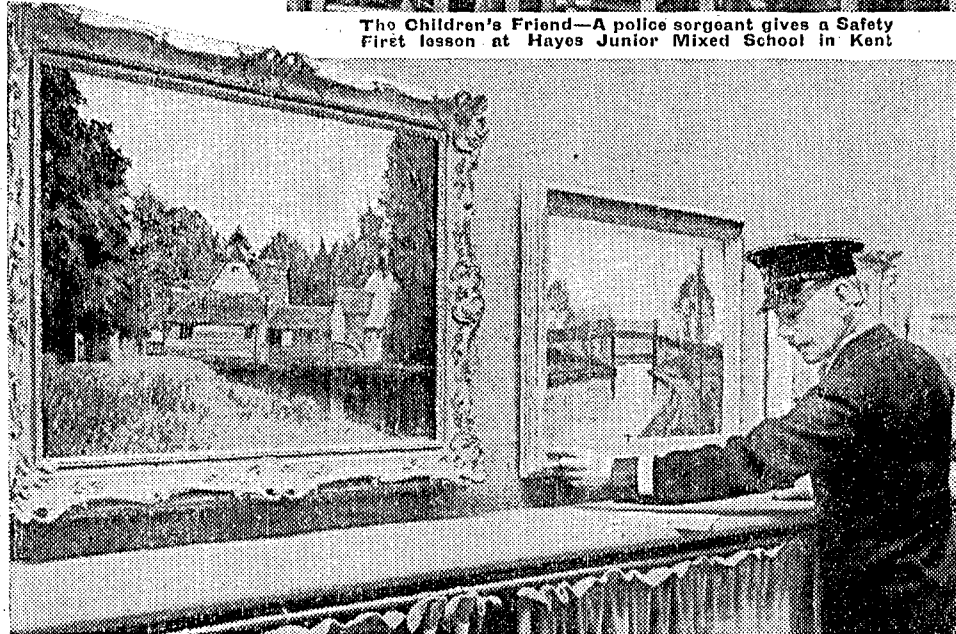
Winter Sports Down Under—An American competitor in a ski race held on Mount Kosciusko in New South Wales, Australia's highest peak



Dartmoor Ponies—Rounding-up wild Dartmoor ponies, a drive in which 400 men of the moors took part



The Children's Friend—A police sergeant gives a Safety First lesson at Hayes Junior Mixed School in Kent



Busmen Off Duty—Making models of famous ships is the hobby of Mr L. A. Stock, a London bus-driver; and Mr Reginald Tilbrook, a bus-conductor who is an accomplished artist, has held an exhibition of his works in New Bond Street, London

THE NEW FLIER AND THE OLD Pigeon versus Plane

A pigeon found exhausted in a pine-wood near Genoa had a ring on its leg which showed that it had flown from Buenos Aires, 6000 miles.

By an odd coincidence a newspaper paragraph reported on the same day that the President of the Canadian Air Lines, Mr Samuel Hungerford, was looking forward to an air service which a few years hence would take a passenger from London to Vancouver, 6000 miles.

The air journey thus accomplished would be made in 40 hours. That would be an average speed of 150 miles an hour, and no pigeon could maintain that rate. Few birds, except for short distances, attain such a speed, or keep it up; and the whole question of the speed of bird flight is one of very uncertain observation. What an aeroplane can do is in no doubt.

At the same time the honours are still with the birds, which can cover enormous distances under their own power. The Arctic tern, flying to the Antarctic and back in the year, is one of these marvels; the golden plover, with two non-stop flights of 2000 miles from Siberia or Alaska to Hawaii and another non-stop flight from Nova Scotia to Brazil over the Atlantic, is another.

They can still teach man and the machine something; and they take risks and execute flying feats that are beyond him still. They ought to do so, for they have been flying for millions of years while he, began some 30 years ago.

THE SMALL TRADESMAN AND HIS DEBTS How the Parson Saved the Situation

Sir Waldron Smithers, MP, has told this excellent story of the debts of small tradesmen, a subject the C.N. has lately dealt with. Sir Waldron declares that the story is true.

The vicar of a large church in a London suburb made this announcement from his pulpit one Sunday:

A certain grocer in this neighbourhood is in serious financial difficulties through no fault of his own, but owing to the large number of overdue accounts on his books. On going through the books with him I am astonished to find that most of his debtors are members of my own congregation and a number of them are listening to me now. Next Sunday I propose to read from this pulpit a list of those accounts which are still outstanding.

During the ensuing week every grocer in the neighbourhood received an influx of money that astonished him, and the situation was saved for the particular one concerned.

Even 80 years ago this problem was not unknown, for we read this in the Life of Macaulay:

Macaulay was at some pains to inculcate upon me the duty of never keeping a tradesman waiting for his money. I recollect his telling us how he had received his annual bill from a very well-known London shop, and had sent a cheque by return of post. Next morning the head of the firm brought the receipt himself, and burst out crying in Macaulay's room. Every morning (the poor man said) two people walked past his office window, one of whom owed him thirteen hundred, and the other fifteen hundred, pounds; and the latter of the two was amongst the most distinguished and powerful statesmen in the country.

We may all hope the raising of this matter now will bring the customers of small tradesmen to a sense of their indebtedness and lead them to discharge their obligations.

THE COURT OF GOOD HOPE A New Institution For Our People

FROM this time onward poor people will have a Domestic Court to go to with their family differences, their grievances, their rights and wrongs.

They have had till now only the police court, and it is a cause for pride in London that our police court magistrates are good and merciful men who listen with patience and sympathy to the pitiful cases of hopeless disagreement, of injustice, or injury, or worse, that come before them, and do their best to patch them up. They are as gentle to the woman as stern with the man, and they are never wanting with the right words, to reconcile the two and bid them start afresh, if that is possible.

They are the doctors of the law who practise the art of healing. But that is an art to which the law now hopes to give a wider scope by instituting special courts where all such cases can be heard, and all the rights and wrongs untangled.

A police court, however just and patient its magistrate may be, is not a good place to hear domestic stories, not only because they are often long-drawn-out, with many contradictions on either side, but because, after all, a police court has much work of a different kind to do, and many cases to deal with. It is not a good thing to have a domestic quarrel spread out between cases of drunkenness and thieving and many other sordid things.

The Informal Way

Some magistrates have made a practice of hearing the domestic cases in a separate room, where, removed from the trammels of a police court, with its police officers and its atmosphere of having to deal with those who have broken the law, the husband and the wife, the witnesses (and sometimes, alas! the children), can be heard by themselves. This is a good way; there is an informality about it which makes for peace. But it is not always possible for a police court to find a room, or to proceed in this way. In the new Domestic Courts, which are now universally established by a new Act of Parliament, the

room apart and the atmosphere of conciliation will both be found.

The pattern of them has been found in the Children's Courts, which have already done a power of good. In these there is no parade of the majesty of the Law, no intimidating array of policemen. Everybody sits down and the mischievous boy or girl is dealt with, not as a criminal but just as a mischievous boy or girl. There are women magistrates on the Bench, and that makes it all easier for the culprits; and there are also the Probation Officers, whose business it is to make known what the homes are like from which the children come.

To be Heard in Private

Some of these things are to be imported into the Domestic Court. No one, neither husband nor wife, will be in the dock or in the witness box. They will all sit round a table, which is by all accounts the best way of settling differences. There will be no gaping public to hear what they have to say. Their chief auditors will be the three Justices of the Peace, a name of good omen, who will listen to what they have to say and what any witnesses they wish to call will have to add.

Time will show what is the best way of appointing the justices to hear these domestic cases. Long experience of the high character of the Metropolitan Police Magistrates, and their tried ability in dealing with them, leads one to hope that some of them may be induced to preside. The new law about the Domestic Courts provides that there should be three justices, two of them married, and one of these a married woman Justice of the Peace. If a metropolitan magistrate were the third, the Bench of the Domestic Court would be ideal.

Such is the provision for the future, and such the hope that it will be a success. We think it must be, because the poor people who resent the publicity of a police court will go to the Domestic Court hopefully. It is the poor who will decide its future, and we hope it will be a future bright with the prospects of peace and understanding.

THE WORDS HE MADE TO THE BUGLE CALL A Poet Who Might Have Swayed the World

ONE of the poets who wrote himself into literature in our time, one of that close company of the unconquered dead which lies in France, is to be remembered for all time on a hillside in Hampshire.

He is Edward Thomas, the Welsh poet who fell in France in the middle of the war. A friend has told of him that on one of his last walks in England, before he went to France, he asked Edward Thomas if he knew what he was fighting for, and after a moment the poet stooped, picked up a pinch of earth between his fingers, and said, "I think, literally, this." He was fighting for the earth he loved and for his Motherland.

There has just been unveiled on the brow of Mutton Hill, at Steep near Petersfield, a memorial stone set in the midst of a clearing; it is one of the great sarsen stones found scattered about our prehistoric regions, and on it is the name "Edward Thomas, poet," with the words "And I rose up, and knew I was tired, and continued my journey."

The traveller resting by this stone sees the Sussex Downs near Midhurst, the great height of Hindhead, and Petersfield in the distance. The hillside belongs to Lord Horder, by whose generosity it is preserved for ever against invasion by the speculative builder. In unveiling the stone Lord Horder declared that the hillside, formerly the poet's, was now given to all those people who

love the English country. The Poet Laureate (Mr John Masefield) was at the unveiling, and in paying his tribute to Edward Thomas he said that Thomas had the most beautiful voice he had ever heard from human lips, and if he had preached he would have swayed the world.

A tablet was also unveiled at Berryfield Cottage, where the poet used to live. Mr H. W. Nevinson, who unveiled the tablet, said that modern roads were destroying the English country, and queer stuff called modern poetry was destroying English literature.

A cot in the children's ward at Petersfield Hospital was also dedicated to the poet's memory, the poet's widow unveiling a tablet above the cot and handing a cheque to the hospital.

This is one of the small poems that Edward Thomas wrote when he was out at the war:

*No one cares less than I,
Nobody knows but God,
Whether I am destined to lie
Under a foreign clod.
Were the words I made to the bugle call
in the morning.*

*But laughing, storming, scorning,
Only the bugles know
What the bugles say in the morning,
And they do not care, when they blow
The call that I heard and made words
to early this morning.*

A BLIND MAN WILL SPEAK Sunday's Good Cause

The voice which moved millions as they sat by the fire on Christmas evening three years ago will again be heard on Sunday at 8.45, when Mr William Sharp will appeal for the blind who live in England's capital in a broadcast on the London Regional Programme.

Mr Sharp is known to hundreds of visitors to London from all over the world, for he is the Blind Host of the National Institute, who extends a friendly hand of welcome to all who come to see the blind workers at their headquarters in Great Portland Street.

Happy must be those who have met him, and he recalls with joy a little group of four, one of whom thus addressed him:

You can't possibly remember our personal names, so let me introduce my companions and myself by the names of our respective countries. I am Miss America, this Miss Czecho-Slovakia, this Miss Austria, and this Miss Siam.

A Broadcast Appeal

We are sure these young ladies will never forget the name of Mr Sharp nor the happy hour they spent with him and his cheerful blind friends.

This Sunday Mr Sharp, whom the C.N. is proud to number among its friends, is to broadcast for help for what is known as the Greater London Fund. This fund is the main collecting agency for the National Institute and the National Library, for an important group of workshops, and for several voluntary associations; and we can assure any of our readers who have not heard him that Mr Sharp's five-minute talk will thrill them, so delightful are the stories he will tell.

We have before us as we write the new Report on last year's work of the National Institute for the Blind, and the Council and its chairman, Sir Beachcroft Towse, are to be congratulated on the wonderful work they have done and the progress made in making life happier for those unfortunate ones who lack one of its greatest blessings.

The Talking Book

During the year the Institute produced 700,000 books, periodicals, and music in Braille as well as 81,000 in Moon type. Selected passages from the Bible are now issued in 40 languages and dialects, and are sent to blind readers all over the world. The Moon Bible occupies 58 large volumes, and every such Bible used in America today has been supplied from this country.

The Talking Book supplied to the blind has been described in the C.N., but it is only one of the many devices made by blind workers for the benefit of their community. Several are illustrated in the Report, which also contains happy scenes of the life at the homes, schools, and hostels supported by the brains and fingers of the blind themselves.

In spite of all that is done much more remains to do, and we beg our readers to listen on Sunday to the Week's Good Cause on London Regional, and to send a mite (or more) to Mr Sharp. *Sharp's the word.*

Planning the Future in Bengal

The setting up of an Industrial Intelligence Department is contemplated in a five-year plan for the development of Bengal. This Department would gather and record up-to-date information about all the industries, both big and small (including cottage industries), in that vast province, and thus enable the Minister to develop production and distribution on an effective and harmonious plan.

Here, indeed, is a new India. We wish such plans all success.

A YOUNG MAN ABOUT THE WORLD

Nigel Bicknell, of Gosforth, near Newcastle, is home after a world tour.

While at Oundle School he asked his father if he might have a year off, and with £150 this boy of 17 set out on a journey round the world, taking with him a typewriter and a camera. In Japan he was twice arrested as a Russian spy, and in California he travelled 3000 miles on a motor-cycle he had bought for ten pounds. After seeing Europe, Asia, the Far East, and America, he has come home with £50 in his pocket. He is to go to Cambridge next year, and we wish him well with his good courage and his great imagination.

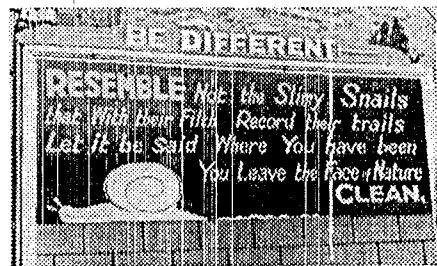
THE MARRIAGE ACROSS THE BORDER

For some time numerous marriages have been taking place between young Austrian peasants of Styria and Yugo-Slav girls from across the frontier.

The reason is that the Yugo-Slav farmers are quite well-to-do and able to offer substantial dowries on the marriage of their daughters.

Generally the dowry is paid in cattle, and whereas the import duty on cattle into Austria is very high, an exception is made in favour of animals forming part of a dowry.

The young Austrian farmer is therefore a good business man. The number of frontier marriages increased eightfold in 1935, and since then has trebled this figure.



A notice at a bus station in Ayr

MR FOLLAND GOES HOME

Mr W. T. Folland has left a palace and gone home.

For 33 years he has lived in a London palace. He has had sentries at his front door. He has talked with kings and queens, with princes, prelates, and proud people. Now he has left all the pomp and pageant of palace life and gone home to Barnstaple, where he will sit by the fire in his little house and talk of the great people he met in the big one.

As Sergeant of the Vestry of the Chapels Royal, Mr Folland lived in St James's Palace, his front door being the first in Ambassador's Court.

DISCOVERY OF A ROMAN GATEWAY

While pulling down some 18th-century property near the west side of the Newport Arch at Lincoln workmen have come upon the remains of a Roman postern gate similar to the one still standing at the east side of the arch. It is hoped the gateway will be restored.

The Newport Arch is said to be the only Roman arch in the country which spans a public road.

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST FAIR

"Building the World of Tomorrow" is the keynote of the New York World Fair of 1939, the plans of which propose to make it the greatest exhibition the world has known. Over forty nations have promised to take space.

The Fair is to celebrate the Third Jubilee of the inauguration of George Washington as first President of the United States.

The site, until lately treeless marsh land, is close to New York, and is to be converted into a magnificent park of over 1200 acres, bearing 10,000 trees, which will be moved by transplanting machines.

Giving the Koala a New Chance

AUSTRALIA is afraid that the koala, a quaint animal like a teddy bear, will soon become extinct unless measures are taken to preserve it.

In order to save the koalas the Koala Club of Australia has been formed in Sydney, and an attempt is being made to raise £10,000 so that this wistful tree-bear may have a chance in its fight against civilisation.

Paralysis and pneumonia have been carrying off hundreds of them, and bush fires have accounted for hundreds more; but perhaps the most important feature in the present-day life of this much-loved animal is its inability to travel

from one region to another. In the old days the koala was able to move on from area to area, a kind of animal rotation of crops. He would gather his harvest in one neighbourhood and then go on to another, swinging all the way from tree to tree.

Today there are so many clearings in the forests, so many dogs and foxes lying in wait for him once he comes down from the high branches, that he is much more a prisoner than ever before. The new society for the preservation of koalas will try to give them a change of environment by transporting them in motor lorries.

LITTER ON THE RIVER

The shores and piers of a tidal river are always a gathering ground for the litter a river carries down to the sea.

The piers beside which H M S President and Discovery are moored in King's Reach, near the office of the C N, must collect over a ton of timber a day. Here is free fuel, a gift of London's river, for the camp-fire of the Sea Scouts, if indeed they sing shanties over a fire. At any rate, here is litter in abundance for them to clear from the flank of their magnificent headquarters, and thus preserve for it at all tides that trim setting we associate with every good ship.

A NEWSPAPER FEAT

We read that in Russia complete copies of the Izvestia can now be had in Novosibirsk, Siberia, on the day it appears in Moscow, 2000 miles away. The contents of the paper are transmitted by photography and then set up in type.

TO SAVE A BAY

A great effort is being made by the Youth Hostel Association of Northern Ireland to save one of the most beautiful bays in the country.

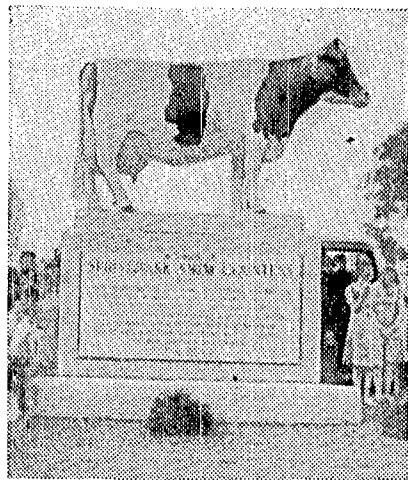
It is White Park Bay, between Ballycastle and the Giant's Causeway. In the centre of the bay is the site of a settlement of prehistoric man. Every spring the bay is a blaze of yellow primroses, and it is a favourite spot for picnickers and bathers.

The bay is now threatened with a bungalow invasion, and the Pilgrim Trust has contributed £500 toward the £1250 needed to save it.

MONUMENT TO A COW

Unique in the history of statues is a costly monument unveiled this summer near Woodstock, Ontario, in memory of a Canadian cow which died last year.

The unveiling ceremony was performed by the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario in the presence of a crowd to



whom the dead cow had long been a famous feature of the country.

The monument stands on a granite pedestal near the highway, in full view of thousands of tourists passing daily throughout the summer, and at night the floodlights are turned on the spot.

A tablet explains why this honour has been accorded Springbank Snow

Countess, as the cow was named. She was a Holstein, and her production of milk and butter was so tremendous that the Holstein-Frisian Association of Canada decided to immortalise her. The Countess produced in her lifetime of 16 years 201,059 pounds of milk with 9062 pounds of fat, a record among all dairy breeds in the world. For this achievement the Countess has been given a monument costing nearly £1000.

A TESTING TIME ON 20 ACRES

Scotland is making a bid to reclaim some of its waste land.

The scheme has begun in Lanarkshire, where attempts are being made to cultivate land hitherto neglected.

Near Carnwath the moss is 25 feet deep, all so soft that a horse and cart might easily sink out of sight. Experts have been superintending work on 180 acres. Men who were formerly unemployed have been cutting draining trenches ten feet deep, and a tractor has been smoothing the uneven surface.

Now comes the testing time. About 20 acres of the prepared ground have been sown with grass seed, as a first stage in the greater experiment of winning grazing land from Scotland's moss areas, and the experts are anxiously waiting to see what the results will be.

LICENCES FOR CAMPERS

Pleasure campers will need to take heed of the new regulations of the Public Health Act, which is applicable chiefly to owners of sites and those camping for long periods in the same spot.

The site owner must have a licence if the land is used on more than 42 consecutive days, or 60 in all in any year. This licence also covers the camper. If the owner has not a licence, then the camper must obtain one if he exceeds the number of days stated.

It has been feared that the new regulations might be a handicap to camping, but a special clause avoids this by granting exemption to organisations.

KING GEORGE'S SEAT

We have been delighted to see that Lady Daresbury has placed outside the school at Daresbury a fine stone seat in memory of George the Fifth.

On the back of the seat is cut out in the stone the Silver Jubilee message of King George to the children, which we gladly pass on again:

To the Children I would like to send a Special Message. Let me say this to each of them whom my words may reach. The King is speaking to you. I ask you to remember that in days to come you will be citizens of a great Empire. As you grow up always keep this thought before you, and when the time comes be ready and proud to give to your country the service of your work, your mind, and your heart.

AN ELEPHANT TO THE RESCUE

While a circus was travelling not far from Coblenz two of the wagons overturned near a bridge across the Moselle. The wagons were very heavy, but after they had been emptied the elephant trainer brought up one of the elephants. "Catch hold," he commanded, and the elephant gripped the wagons in turn, righting them without any trouble.

MILLIONS OF CHEAP BICYCLES

Forty years ago a pedal bicycle, fitted with ball pedals but lacking pneumatic tyres and three-speed gear, cost about £20. Today a much better machine, with pneumatic tyres, three-speed gear, ball-head, and many other improvements, can be bought for £7, and the people who make it are better paid than the bicycle workers of 40 years ago.

The trade is doing well at home and abroad; it is even beating Japan in its cherished markets, we are glad to say.

Since 1870 about forty million bicycles have been made in this country, and ten millions are now in use on our roads.



A balancing stone near Eshowe in Zululand

LITTLE CHARLES WALKER

Little Charles Walker has passed on at ten, and now Thorp Arch Church in Yorkshire has a chantry chapel as his memorial.

Charles died as the result of an accident while playing, and his mother and father have presented Thorp Arch Church with a beautiful gift in his memory. The chapel has a reredos of carved oak, a figure of the Madonna and Child, a prayer desk and bench in English oak, and a cross and candlesticks of wrought copper. There are two windows showing Jesus as a boy in the fields near Nazareth.

SWEET MUSIC

Let the sound of music creep in our ears, says Shakespeare.

And so it does in almost every home in the land. Wireless and the gramophone are responsible for a far greater appreciation of music than in any previous age, and many more people, not content to remain mere listeners, become players themselves.

The collection of individual pieces of good music is a great expense, however, and it is now being made possible for the average home to build up a library of the world's loveliest music at a very small cost.

Masterpiece Music is a new part work edited by Eric Coates. It is published weekly at a shilling, and each part has nine pieces.

There are to be about 24 parts, and the first two are ready.

LAUNCHING A SHIP WITH SAGO

At the launching of the new Italian cruiser Littorio the slipways were lubricated with 32 tons of sago and two tons of soap.

In England we make excellent puddings and other dishes of sago, but in Italy it is so cheap that it is used freely for many purposes which have nothing to do with the kitchen.

When the Queen Mary was launched they did not use sago: they used 150 tons of tallow and 50 tons of black soap.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

OCTOBER 16 1937

The Eye

AN American writer says that the spectacle trade of the United States has grown to such proportions that it is now worth £15,000,000 a year! It has been called the most-be-spectacled nation in the world.

When we say it is "worth" £15,000,000 a year we speak of commercial valuation. What the trade is worth to the citizens of America is another matter. Too often it means quackery and ruined eyesight.

Mr Roger Riis, describing an American investigation of the subject, says an actual test of the spectacle trade was made by a young man with perfect sight who took the trouble to consult a number of gentlemen who call themselves optometrists.

The young man went to optometrist A, who sold him a pair of spectacles. He took these glasses to optometrist B and asked him to check them. Optometrist B said they were not correct and made the enquirer a second pair. The young man then took his perfect eyes and B's spectacles to optometrist C, who made a third pair. These were taken to optometrist D, who brushed them aside and sold him another set. He then took the glasses of both A and B to four other optometrists. All four stated that neither pair was correct for his eyes!

We are reminded of the British enquiry into unqualified dentists, which revealed shocking abuses and cruel injury done to people betrayed by the exhibition of artificial teeth in glass cases. The enquiry led to an Act of Parliament compelling the registration of all dentists and preventing any addition of unqualified dentists to the register.

It concerns us to see the rapid multiplication of unqualified opticians in our country freely displaying spectacles in fancy rims. (There are actually spectacle-sellers whose spectacles are made of celluloid that catches fire in the sun!) How many of these people really understand that wonderful organ the eye?

Nobody should wear spectacles save on the advice of a thoroughly qualified oculist.

The eye is a marvellous water-camera, with a self-adjusting lens, and its proper working depends largely on our general health. Often bad sight is due to a relaxation of muscular power, which calls more for the restoration of health than for spectacles.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter: House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Daisy Bates, MP?

THE aboriginals of Australia, about whom our friend Mrs Daisy Bates has written so much in the C N, are said to be preparing a petition begging the King that he will redress their grievances.

They have formed a league, of which the secretary is a native 76 years old, and the petition asks the King to do something to prevent the extinction of their ancient race, and to grant them power to elect their own MP.

If the petition should be granted, the C N suggests that a most excellent Member of Parliament for the Black-fellows would be Mrs Daisy Bates.

Keyed-Up

THE Edinburgh magistrates declare that modern children live in such tension that they become keyed-up.

Speeding traffic they name as one cause, as we have done. It is certainly unfair to youth that it should be hustled and made nervous, yet we have it suggested by some that instead of restricting speed we should train children to get out of the way.

Not that traffic is the only cause of what we call "nerves." There is a general atmosphere of haste and bustle in modern life which spoils life itself. The human mind needs time to contemplate, time to reason, time to enjoy quiet. They do ill-service to humanity who rob it of the loveliness of peace.

Three Good Things

WE like these slogans of The London Pride Crusade, which is an idea of the London Garden Society meant specially to appeal to teachers:

Make your house the brightest in the street.

Make your street the brightest in the borough.

Make your borough the brightest in London.

A Lesson From Turkey

A NEWSPAPER in Constantinople having published an alarming statement to the effect that the constitution of Turkey is to be changed, the Turkish Government has not only denied the report but ordered the paper to suspend publication for ten days as a penalty.

British Government, please copy?

Like Father

WE have been delighted to read this little story of the daughter of President Masaryk, the Liberator of Czecho-Slovakia.

"I take my boys every year," she said, "to the blacksmith's shop where my father worked, and I place their hands on the anvil on which he hammered. I then ask them to repeat after me their desire to be men like my father; that is my greatest wish for my little sons."

The Country Post

A PLYMOUTH lady writes in defence of the country post, pointing out that an order posted to Manchester from a village on the fringe of Dartmoor at 5 p.m. on Monday brought delivery at the house at 5 p.m. on Wednesday.

Nothing could be better; it is exactly what we wish to see more generally throughout the countryside. It is much better than the letter posted in London on Friday morning which had not reached Lynsted in Kent on Saturday night.

Tip-Cat

IT is always an exciting moment when the curtain is rung up, says an actor. We suppose the stage-manager answers the telephone.

IN future motor-cars may give place to aeroplanes. Anyhow, they are sure to pass.

FELT flowers are the newest fashion. We prefer to smell them.

PEOPLE who daydream are not always wasting their time. Sometimes they are wasting other people's.

GOLF makes a bond between people. There are many links.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If glovemakers work hand in hand

AFTER holidays people have to economise. Even the days draw in.

A MEMBER of a famous motor firm is to publish his autobiography. Ought to know how to make it go.

THE lawn grows while the gardener is on holiday. Has a high time.

THE man who objects to sitting behind fat people at the cinema evidently doesn't approve of broad views.

THE man who invented the lift should have risen to fame. And gone down in history.



THE BROADCASTER

C N Calling the World

THE output from Clyde shipyards last month was the best for three years.

THE NATIONAL TRUST has bought 1250 acres of the Malvern Hills.

JUST AN IDEA

Always expect other people to do their best. Sometimes you will be disappointed, but usually you will be justified, for by expecting the best you do much to help people to give it.

When Spring Breaks Through Again

We have received this story from a contributor who vouches for its truth.

A FLOWER-LOVER was busy planting out bulbs for the glory of the garden in the coming year.

For weeks past his table had been strewn with the gay catalogues which pour into the pillar-boxes on dull autumn days, bringing with them a welcome thought of spring.

Now the bulbs had come, and he was hard at work putting in daffodils, tulips, hyacinths, and narcissi, thinking of the joy their beauty would be in the early days of the coming year. Then suddenly his pleasure was gone, for to his dismay he found that he had lost a gold signet-ring which had belonged to his father, whom he had greatly loved.

He searched every place where he thought it might lie hidden. He turned over earth and bulbs and garden tools, but all in vain. Utterly despairing of finding it again, he resigned himself to its loss.

Then came the dark days of the closing year, short hours for work and long hours for reading:

*So winter passeth
Like a long sleep,
From falling autumn
To primrose peep.*

Thus January passed, and February, and then, like the poet who wrote those lines, suddenly one day he realised that the spring was alive and the meadows were green! Out to the garden he went to see how his bulbs were faring, and he stooped and examined them one by one, as flower-lovers will.

Then, as his glance fell on the green daffodil shoots, he noticed something shining in the bright spring sunshine.

Could it be? Impossible! But indeed it was!

Resting on a bulb at the base of the slender green stem was the ring he thought he had lost for ever.

He stood in wonder; and we may feel that as he gently passed it over the stem of the flower he would imagine that he heard his father's step along the garden path, bringing with it the gladness of other days.

Emily Brontë's Prayer

Riches I hold in light esteem,
And Love I laugh to scorn;
And lust of fame was but a dream
That vanished with the morn:

And, if I pray, the only prayer
That moves my lips for me
Is, "Leave the heart that now I bear,
And give me liberty!"

Yea, as my swift days near their goal,
'Tis all that I implore:
In life and death a chainless soul,
With courage to endure.

If I thought there was a stain upon the remotest hem of the garment of my country I would devote my utmost labour to wipe it off. Daniel Webster

The Strange Man Disturbing the World in His Sleep

A STRANGE man is disturbing our world in his sleep. They laid his body to rest in Highgate Cemetery half a century ago, yet the ferment of his thought still goes on in men's minds. And the end is not yet.

For years this man lived, a hunted refugee, in abject poverty; today his portrait is borne aloft in processions all over the world—save where dictators prevent it; institutes, libraries, schools are named after him; his ideas have reversed the government of one-fifth of the earth, and in the reading-room of the British Museum, where he worked for years, unhonoured and unknown, the catalogue now has 25 pages of titles of books by and about him.

Who was this man whose thought is so powerful long after his bones have found rest? His name was Karl Marx.

What was he like? What events in his life made him what he was? These questions are harder to answer.

Two Sides of a Man

RARELY has the world seen a man in whom two aspects of character stand out in sharper contrast. Hard, autocratic, quarrelsome, vituperative, self-centred, impatient, fanatical—these were the qualities the public too often saw. Approachable, fun-loving, comradely, gentle, patient, kind, disinterested, hard-working, moved in the deepest springs of his being by a profound love for the human race—such was the man his wife, his children, and his great friend Friedrich Engels knew and loved.

"I have never seen a man whose bearing was so provoking and intolerable," declared Karl Schurz; though he admitted that what Marx said was sensible, logical, clear. "The best and truest of friends, a friend to whom I owe more than words can express—the greatest of living thinkers," said Friedrich Engels, the generous and able friend on whom Marx unblushingly relied for forty years.

Karl Marx, born in Trèves in the Rhineland, was the grandson of a rabbi and the son of a Jewish lawyer. When he was six his family adopted Christianity. But a sense of the Jew's inferior position in Germany must have lurked in his mind, for years after, playing a game of questions-and-answers with his daughter, to her "What vice do you most detest?" came the quick reply, "Servility!"

Happy is the Man Who Shares His Joy

AT 17 Karl had finished the local school and was ready for the University. In a final paper, "On the Choice of a Profession," he gave expression to ideas that were the ground-plan for his life:

History, he wrote, regards as great those who ennoble themselves by working for the common good. Experience distinguishes as happiest him who makes most men happy. When we have chosen the position in life in which we can best work for humanity burdens cannot crush us, for they are sacrifices for all. Then it is no poor, narrow, egotistical joy which we experience: our happiness belongs to millions, our deeds live on.

The boy's father wished him to become a lawyer. Following this plan, Karl went to the University of Bonn, but at the end of the first year he asked leave to go to the University of Berlin, where he could study History and Philosophy to better advantage.

"I look on life as the embodiment of a spiritual force," he wrote to his father, "seeking expression in every direction: in science, in art, in one's own personality." The older man saw that no son fired by these thoughts could

be tied down to jurisprudence; he permitted the change.

In the long holiday between Bonn and Berlin a great thing happened to Karl. He fell in love.

Although the beautiful Jenny von Westphalen was four years older than he, and above him in station, both young people recognised their fate when they saw it, and the grown-ups bowed to their certainty.

One of the most delightful things we know about Marx is that his first published works which comprise two volumes of poetry were inspired by his brave and gracious Jenny.

Two years later his father died, and the son had to think seriously about a profession. He took his doctor's degree and decided to become a professor; but his views were too advanced for University circles and he finally joined the staff of a radical paper. Here he quickly became known for tenacity, courage, brilliance, and a complete belief in himself.

Then he married his Jenny—and passed his honeymoon reading over 100 books on history and political science, and filling five thick exercise books with his notes. Many a bride would have complained, but not Jenny. She was as convinced as her husband that he had a great future before him and must prepare soundly for it; she was, in fact, the first Marxist.

Those five months were the only peaceful ones of their long life together. In November they went to Paris, and soon after their troubles began.

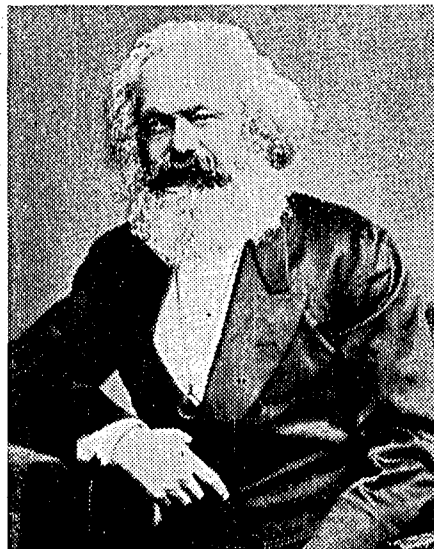
The Troubled Eighteen-Forties

THE eighteen-forties were turbulent times in Europe. Revolution was in the air, and Karl Marx was a student of revolutions. Journal after journal to which he contributed was closed down. He was unwelcome in Germany, Belgium, and France. Russia he hated. The ideas of Robert Owen and the Chartists in England interested him extremely. A study-group of German workmen with whom he became acquainted in London appealed to him as calm, wise, and sane. He organised a similar group in Brussels. When the Fraternal Democrats met at the White Hart in Drury Lane on November 29, 1847, Marx and Engels were asked to come over from Ostend to help to make the meeting international. From this gathering grew the Communist Manifesto, the work of Engels and Marx. The international working-class movement had begun. It remained Karl Marx's chief and absorbing interest to the end of his life.

The next year was one of exciting adventures for the Marx family, which now included three babies. Nothing hampers a revolutionary like babies. You can't leave the country at a moment's notice in the dead of night if

you must wait for washing to dry. The Marx family were hiding in Paris under an assumed name when the royalist reaction set in in 1848. They were discovered and requested to leave. Marx decided that England was the safest free country in Europe, and he came here and remained for the rest of his life—a third of a century.

They had been in England barely four weeks when a new baby, Guido, was born. Luckily they had Lenchen, the faithful serving-woman who had accompanied Jenny from the von Westphalen home. Where Lenchen slept and how she fared in the next miserable years we do not know; but certain it is that she frequently went without wages. She



Karl Marx

was one of the most faithful servants in history, and the only person with whom Marx liked to play chess. She lies buried with her master and mistress in Highgate Cemetery.

With high hopes and the small sum of money his father had left him, Marx founded a German newspaper in London. In five months it was bankrupt. There was a distraint for rent: the bailiffs were in. They sold the blankets; they sold Guido's cradle. Gently-nurtured Jenny von Westphalen and her four little ones were in the street. They moved into two cheap rooms at 28 Dean Street, in Soho, where they lived in want and wretchedness for six years. Here two more children were born.

They always owed money to everyone, the butcher, the grocer, the baker, the milkman. Marx pawned his overcoat to buy paper. One Saturday, when there was not a farthing in the house and no food, Marx took Jenny's silver to pawn. The police found it hard to believe that so wretched a fellow could have come by such fine things honestly and took him off to the police station. Meanwhile Jenny and her children were waiting for him to come home with their dinner. They waited over the week-end, hungry

and anxious lest worst ill should have befallen their father.

Through all this Jenny never faltered. Recounting these experiences to a friend in a letter, she adds:

Do not think that these petty sufferings have bent me. I know only too well that our struggle is no isolated one, and that I belong, for all that, to the chosen, happy, favoured ones, since my dear husband, the stay of my life, stands ever at my side. He has never, even in the most terrible moments, lost confidence in the future and has always been quite happy when he saw me cheerful and watched our dear children playing round their mother.

The Long Struggle With Poverty

BUT the worst was yet to come. These terrible conditions of life were too much for the children. They were always ailing—and no wonder! First little Guido sickened and died, and next Baby Francesca. There was no money for Francesca's funeral. They were about to lay her in a pauper's grave when an unknown French neighbour heard of it and provided a funeral. Then a third child died, the oldest boy, "Musch." Marx was inconsolable. It was the last blow. Months after, in a letter to a friend, he says:

Bacon writes that men of real worth have so many relations with nature and the world, so many objects of interest, that they quickly get over any loss. I am not one of these men of worth. The death of my child has profoundly shattered my heart and brain, and I feel the loss just as fresh as on the first day. My wife, also, is quite broken down.

After this Jenny never really became herself again. Life in Soho had cost her too much.

The following year her mother bequeathed her a small legacy. She promptly bought some second-hand furniture and moved her family to Haverstock Hill—anything to be quit of Soho!

Then began a long struggle to keep the three surviving girls decently clad, shod, and in school. Their father's only income was a pittance (five dollars an article) from the New York Tribune, to which he contributed, and loans from the ever-faithful Engels. For years Engels contributed between £300 and £400 a year to the Marx household, yet never for a moment did he regret or resent this. In his estimation Karl Marx's brains were the most important in the world; he felt that none but this mind could offer the worker's movement that "clear, unambiguous counsel which genius and perfect mastery alone can give."

England as the Country For Peaceful Revolution

HOWEVER distracting the conditions at home, Marx plodded steadily on. Day after day, year in and year out, he worked in the Library of the British Museum all the hours it was open, taking notes for his monumental book on Capital. This mighty work, completed by Engels, undertakes to prove by cold logic that what we call capitalism, as a system for producing and distributing the things of this world, is out of date and doomed, just as feudalism was doomed when mankind had outgrown it. His study of history had convinced him that improvements in the social order only come about when the people who are denied their full rights realize the fact and struggle to secure them. This struggle, he thought for years, must culminate violently; but after 33 years of experience with the character of the English people he told a friend, shortly before he died, that he believed England was "the one country in which peaceful revolution is possible."

We sincerely hope he was right.

The Useful and Beautiful Thrush

AS we all love the song-thrush it is good to find him praised by the Ministry of Agriculture as a friend of man.

We really do not know whether the thrush, as some contend, is inferior as a singer to his cousin the blackbird. It is enough that his song is lovely and to be heard when many other songsters are silent.

The thrush's food is much the same as the blackbird's, but it is less prone to take cultivated fruit, and has a special liking for snails. Its good work in the destruction of these and other pests should be enough to commend it to the gardener and to the farmer.

"Thrush-stones" are common objects of the countryside. An individual thrush will regularly use one particular stone on which to crack snails, and the ground around the stone becomes littered with fragments of shell.

The thrush's mud-lined nest, with its four or five beautiful blue, black-spotted eggs, is well known to most country folk. Like the blackbird, it makes little or no attempt at concealment, and sometimes rears two or even three broods of young in a season. It is undoubtedly a beneficial species, and we may be thankful that, like so many other lovely things, it is so "common."

WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THE LOST SEAS?

News comes from Russia that the water of the Caspian Sea is expected this year to reach the lowest level ever known. This great inland sea is slowly disappearing, for in spite of the 300 rivers that flow into it the water is about three or four feet lower than it was a century ago. In the following article a Scientific Correspondent of the CN looks into the extraordinary question of the seas that have vanished from the face of the earth.

WHAT gigantic schemes await the energies of mankind when the nations come to their senses and give up war! There is endless work for them to do. What nation would not be proud to turn a desert into a fertile region? It is one of the possibilities of the future, for there is much water underground, absorbed by the earth, which has consumed and retained unthinkable quantities of rain.

As the water cannot leave the earth, and as all that rises into the atmosphere by evaporation falls elsewhere as rain and so presumably returns to the sea, where do the vanishing waters go?

The earth's nearest planet does not throw much light on this question. A generation ago Professor Lowell, in the light of his theory that canals on Mars had been dug by a race of

beings to make the most of the little water remaining on their planet, prophesied a similar scarcity of water on our earth. This forecast, however, has not been accepted by scientists, who declare that there is no real evidence that the land of the earth has grown at the expense of the water.

As for the earth, the study of radioactivity has given 2000 million years ago as the time when her surface was cool enough to condense water vapour into the rain which has been the chief agent in laying down the two miles of stratified rocks, which are therefore called sedimentary, and which in many places are porous. In some of these strata vast underground reservoirs have been formed, such as that in the chalk below the clay on which London stands.



Water from Nature's underground store—an artesian bore in central Queensland, Australia

Water was at one time more widely spread than now. The dwindling of seas, particularly inland seas, has been apparent even within historic times, while great continental areas exhibit abundant proofs of having been under the sea at no very distant geological epoch. There is some evidence that this is not due to the

gradual rise of these areas above sea-level, as is known to occur in many parts of the world, from the fact that large areas of these old sea-beds are found to be still below sea-level in cases where existing seas have no means of access to them.

First among the most notable examples of vanishing seas is the vast



Some Vanished Seas—The Great Central-Asian or Eurasian Sea, showing its probable extent in prehistoric times, together with the lost areas of the Mediterranean and the sea that is believed to have united the Baltic and the Black Seas

EARTH'S

expanse of the Sahara, the northern portion of which gives clear evidence of having formed two wide extensions of the present Mediterranean in comparatively recent times. Fertile and wooded lands surrounded these seas, but now only sand and barren rocks exist, encircling here and there fertile oases which are all that remain of the fertile areas that once sustained a large population.

Chains of salt lakes and wide saline areas now well below the level of the Mediterranean, with vast stretches of sandy desert, extend from far south of the Atlas Mountains to the Fayyum and the Nile Valley. Nearly the whole of this area exhibits clear evidences of having been covered by sea as extensive as our North Sea. Deposits of shells and other marine remains are found hundreds of miles distant from similar shells existing in the Mediterranean, proving to us how far this great inland sea extended to the south.

A Safeguard For European Civilisation

To the north-east it once extended into the heart of Asia, and long ages ago one might have cruised to the foothills of the Hindu Kush, the Himalayas, and the Altai Mountains, from the shores of Britain.

What a difference this inland sea would have made to Europe had it remained, and what a safeguard it would have been for European civilisation against the ever-recurring hordes of barbarians which have swept over the sandy wastes of this vast sea-bed! The present Caspian Sea, together with numerous chains of salt lakes, marshes, the Sea of Aral, and Lake Balkash, now linger as diminishing remains of what was once a sea much bigger than the Mediterranean and united with it over the low-lying steppes and depressions of the area of the lower Volga and the Don, and by the Sea of Azov and the Black Sea. The fact that the Caspian is 85 feet below sea-level now, and that it, together with the Aral Sea, Lake Balkash, and all the other minor lakes and swamps, is so salt and gradually shrinking, confirms the physiographical evidence that these constitute the residue of a vast inland sea.

Evidence of Africa's Inland Sea

ANOTHER example of a great water area that has vanished almost entirely is that of the Kalahari Desert and the extensive region of veldt to the north, which was once a sea approximating in size to our North Sea. This region is now over 500 feet above sea-level, and was doubtless severed from the Indian Ocean, to which it apparently was connected by the Limpopo and Zambesi valleys, the subsequent rise in the level of the southern portion of the continent bringing this about.

The famous Lake Ngami and a few wide stretches of salt marshes and intermittent water areas alone remained of this great inland sea until recent times. Lake Ngami has dried up since Livingstone's time, and so the Great Kalahari Desert may continue to



Palms growing in the oasis near Colomb Bechar in Algeria

extend northward still farther, to the detriment of many fertile areas in the vicinity. Schemes to reinstate at least part of the vanished lakes by conveying water from streams which help to feed the Zambesi have been in recent years, put forward.

The southern regions of Australia provide yet another area once covered by a vast inland sea, of which only small portions remain in the two salt lakes of Eyre, which lie in depressions. These reach to some 40 feet below the level of the adjoining Southern Ocean.

The Disappearance of Lake Eyre

WITH Lake Torrens and Lake Gairdner and several lesser lakes they formed a water area probably larger than the North Sea, and were connected with the Southern Ocean by a narrow channel, suggesting the Dardanelles. Not only has the sea vanished, but Lake Eyre disappears at times, as rain-produced lakes will, after forming an extensive swamp which lasts for a while, the water becoming salt and then being absorbed and evaporating.

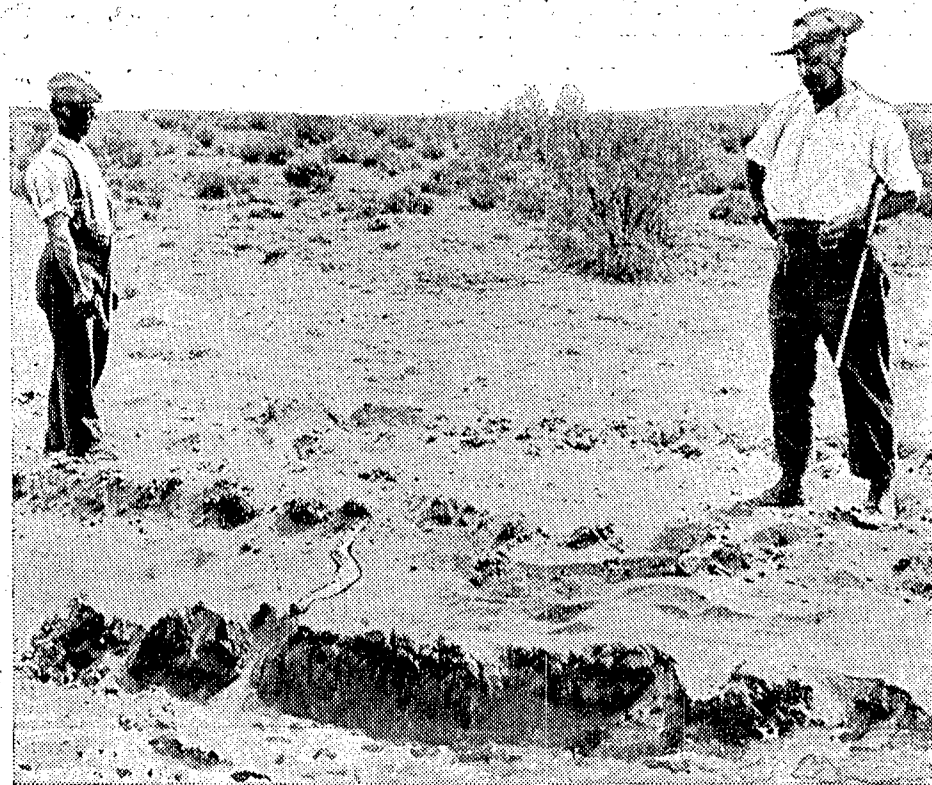
While the rise and fall of great areas of the earth's surface may account for local variations and obviously plays a part in obliterating shallow seas, yet it is evident that in the course of ages there is also a gradual loss of the earth's supply of surface water. It is remarkable that wherever huge areas of water are segregated from the oceans to form inland seas and lakes the water always tends to disappear and the whole area to dry up, usually to become desert. We know that much of the water passes off by evaporation, forms clouds, and falls elsewhere as rain; but this rain should, on an average, replenish the lakes and seas, particularly when (as in the case of the Caspian) it is fed by great rivers. Evaporation unquestionably plays a big part in producing these desert areas but there is

also a general diminution by absorption revealed through vast periods of time.

It would appear, therefore, that absorption by the earth itself is responsible for the ultimate vanishing of much water, and, as a matter of fact, there are actually beneath most of these old sea-beds enormous stores of water. Also in many large areas elsewhere there is water beneath the surface strata of our world. Below vast areas of the Sahara, the Central Asian desert regions, the arid sandy plains of Australia, and even the Great Kalahari, water is usually to be found in plenty by drilling artesian wells. These are becoming increasingly numerous in Southern Algeria and the northern areas of the Sahara, while in Australia they are proving invaluable as the best method of supplying water for irrigation even as

far north as Queensland. Here the water can be found when wanted, and there is no waste, whereas dams are costly and uncertain in a thirsty soil subject to long droughts.

There is consequently every reason to hope that many desert regions will eventually blossom with fertility, and that what are now barren sandy wastes will support a flourishing population once again, for the water is there; it merely needs bringing to the surface. We can only imagine the future that awaits Australia and South Africa if mankind will only realise that it need not always look to the clouds for water, but will remember that the earth itself is a first-class reservoir waiting to be tapped. Certainly it is a mistake to suppose that all the rain finds its way back to the sea.



Watching a puff-adder winding its way across the sands of the Kalahari, the great desert of south-west Africa

LONG JENKINS UNDER THE BANK

THE man who sat before us had called to tell us about a special sort of insurance. We had never seen him before. He stooped to come through the door, then straightened himself up—and up.

"How tall are you?" we said, the words tumbling out before manners could check them. "Six feet seven," he beamed, by no means offended at our excited question.

The same as Long Jenkins. Long Jenkins may have looked rather like this very tall young man, a century and a half ago. But what a difference between them!

A similar station in life—this one in insurance; that one a clerk in the Bank of England. But this one, in our arm-chair, was looking reasonably forward to another half century of life, death at last from a known cause, and peaceful rest for his bones; whereas Long Jenkins of long ago at 21 had but ten more years before he was to die of that vague something, "a decline," and he was still near enough to the age of fairy tales

for his relations to fear lest curiosity-mongers might dig up his bones and sell them for signs and wonders.

So fearful were the Jenkinsses that they begged the Governors of the Bank of England to allow them to bury their boy in the safest place they knew, within the walls of the Bank itself, in the old churchyard of St Christopher-le-Stocks, which then formed part of the Bank's garden. Permission was granted and the funeral held on April 26, 1798, early in the morning before banking hours.

To make assurance doubly sure, Jenkins was placed first in a lead coffin and then in an outer coffin more than eight feet long.

At this time Sir John Soane had already served as architect to the Bank of England for ten years. During his 45 years in this post the Bank was almost entirely rebuilt, but Long Jenkins's body lay undisturbed. It was not until a century later, when once more the Bank was rebuilt, that the excavators came upon the extraordinary coffin of Long Jenkins.

It has been supposed that it was reburied where it lay, but it is now announced that the body was removed to Nunhead Cemetery. It was safe then. The age of credulity was dead.

But it had taken an unconscionable long time a-dying. Roger Bacon, the experimenter, did much to weaken it as early as the 13th century, but it was not until the Great Fire that London lost the relics of her "giants." Old Stow tells us about them, rather sceptically, in his Survey of London.

Of the Church of St Lawrence in Cheape Ward he says, "I myselfe more than 70 yeares since have scene in this church the shanke bone of a man and also a tooth of a very greate bignes hanged up for shew in chaines of iron, uppon a pillar of stone; the tooth (being

aboute the bignes of a man's fist) is long since conveyed from thence." In the margin he adds this summary: "The tooth of some monstrous fish as I take it. A shanke bone of 25 inches long, of a man, it is said, but might be of an oliphant."

Long Jenkins, clerk in the Bank of England, was not much farther in time from all this talk of giants, their bones, their teeth, their staves, and their ladders, than is our insurance friend from Long Jenkins. Yet there is no need now to bury an exceptionally tall man in the greatest stronghold in the world to insure his bones safe repose. In a brief 300 years Englishmen have moved out of the mists of a childish credulity. In the next three centuries what may they not hope to accomplish?

The New Path-Finders

SOMETHING is happening this year to recall the wonderful days in which our forefathers emerged from their dark night of ignorance into the blinding light of new knowledge and new worlds.

The aeroplanes that are charting new routes between Britain and America by the North Atlantic and by the South are doing with astonishing rapidity what our ancestors did by sea after generations of timid groping.

While the way is being fixed beneath the sea and the clouds, routes are being plotted for the first time overland to link by air all parts of South Africa, as our own land is linked by rail and motor.

What they are doing in Africa in weeks or months, it took their 15th-century fore-runners seventy years to do by sea. That was the period occupied by the Portuguese in creeping down the west coast of Africa to that headland which they named (to encourage those that came after) the Cape of Good Hope. The way round to India and the East lay all before them.

But how different is the process between then and now! For all their hardihood the early pioneering navigators dared not lose sight of land, nor dared they go inland beyond the narrowest fringe of coastline. Today their successors lose themselves in the skies,

while the Atlantic fliers make their great crossings very often without seeing either sea or land for more than a thousand miles at a stretch as they sail above the storms, far beyond the clouds, traversing in 12 hours a space which occupied Columbus ten weeks.

Since those seventy days and seventy years we have added two continents to knowledge (for to the pioneers the world consisted only of Europe, Asia, and Africa), and we have added the conquest of distance first by steam, then by the internal combustion engine; and finally we have brought the air into service as a new sea to fly.

So the 20th century continues the daring labours of the 15th. The results today, fascinating and wonderful as they are, cannot actually equal those of other days, for when the great voyages began our islands were supposed to be the uttermost verge of the world. Our ancestors thought so; they looked only to Europe for trade.

It was the shattering of this dream that awoke men to reality, and turned them to seek and establish a mighty Empire in lands until then unknown. From this awakening has come the discovery and development of the greatest League of Nations ever known, the British Empire.

They Know More Than We Think

TWO or three remarkable stories of animal intelligence are given in an appeal for that splendid institution the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals.

Examples of the kind have been given from time to time in the C N, but here are new first-hand testimonies on a subject which baffles us all. A dog recently taken to the dispensary was successfully treated for inflamed ears. A few days later it returned alone carrying a kitten in its mouth.

The kitten proved to be suffering from the same complaint of the ears as that of which the dog had been the victim, and after the little invalid had been treated the dog picked it up in its mouth again and trotted off home with it, its adventure unknown to its owner.

Similar in intelligence is the conduct of a mare which, after having had her distresses removed at the infirmary, went back of her own accord some time afterwards, taking with her her foal, which had been torn by contact with barbed wire.

The mare, like the dog, remembered her benefactors, and, with no one to guide or direct her, went voluntarily

with her little one to renew in its case the benefits which she had experienced in her own. These are things to make us ponder, for they spring from emotions far deeper than instinct. They prove, at any rate, that association with human beings has taught these animals to realise that we are their benefactors and can do something for them which they cannot do for themselves. That is something far higher than obedience to blind impulse.

The PDSA also tells us an odd story which goes far to support the contention that fish have brain power. The eel had been kept by a London family for 15 years in an aquarium, and was such a pet that it would take its food only from the hands of its friends. While the water in its home was being changed one of its eyes was injured, and it was taken to the infirmary to be doctored. The treatment was at length effective, but the patient missed its friends and would not eat. To aid its cure, members of the household to which it belonged had to go round every day and give it its meals, and these it ate contentedly, and all was well.

Calling at Pitcairn Island

PITCAIRN ISLAND, as we all know, is one of the Empire's tiny outposts in the Pacific Ocean, and lies in the track of ships steaming between the Panama Canal and New Zealand.

Many passenger liners stop for an hour or so off Pitcairn Island, but rarely does anyone land. The recent call of H M S Leander on her maiden voyage from England to New Zealand will therefore long be remembered.

A party of over 150 of the Leander's company landed at Bounty Bay, which takes its name from the ship Bounty, the crew of which mutinied nearly 150 years ago and sought a home on lonely Pitcairn. The Pitcairn Islanders of today are descended from the seamen of the Bounty.

The islanders are very devout and keep the seventh day as the Sabbath, and it happened that when the Leander's men landed one Saturday morning they found work at a standstill and the islanders dressed in their best clothes and busy at their devotions. The naval

men joined in and made a record congregation for Pitcairn.

It is 26 years since a man-of-war had called at Pitcairn, and we may imagine the surprise of these isolated people when the Leander's seaplane was catapulted from the deck. For the first time they saw a flying machine circling over their mountainous island.

The people were open-handed in their distribution of fruit to the sailors, and rowed out to the Leander taking plentiful supplies of oranges, lemons, and other produce for which their island is noted.

When the sailors asked the price of the fruit these hospitable Pitcairn people smiled pleasantly and explained that they could not trade or sell on the Sabbath, but if the sailors cared they could make a freewill offering to the church.

Then the Leander sailed southward to New Zealand, leaving the happy islanders with much to remember of the visit of 150 sailors. It was a great day for the people of little Pitcairn, and a great day for the sailors too!

The First Eleven

THE LORD MAYOR of Leeds wishes to commemorate the eleven V Cs of whom the city is justly proud.

He hopes to see their names on a bronze tablet in some conspicuous place. It would be a fine thing to do. If Leeds remembers her V Cs she will enshrine for all time the names of two heroes of the South African War and nine of the Great War. Here they are.

Sergeant Atkinson, who in 1900 went out six times under heavy fire to get water for wounded men, and was mortally wounded the seventh time.

Sergeant-Major Charles Ward, who in South Africa ran under a hail of bullets to carry a message for reinforcements.

Sergeant Raynes, who in 1915 was buried under a house demolished by shell fire, and when rescued set to work to rescue others.

Corporal Sanders, who, when he and his little band of 30 men were cut off in the Battle of the Somme, kept them

together without either food or water for thirty-six hours.

Sergeant McNess, who fought on after being severely wounded many times, giving his men a magnificent example of leadership.

Captain Hirsch, who encouraged his men to advance though he was wounded, and stood on an exposed parapet urging them on till he fell.

Private Edwards, who led an attack on a concrete fort.

Private Butler, who coolly picked up a shell which was about to explode and threw it out of the way of his party.

Private Poulter, who on ten occasions carried severely wounded men under a continuous barrage.

Sergeant Albert Mountain, who saved a desperate situation in June 1918 by holding up an enemy attack for 27 hours.

Sergeant Laurence Calvert, who single-handed rushed two enemy machine guns and overcame the crews.

Queer Samuel Wesley

THERE died at Islington 100 years ago this week that remarkable and eccentric man Samuel Wesley, son of Charles Wesley and nephew of John.

Born in 1766, Samuel was an infant prodigy. At three he could play on the harpsichord, and before he was five he found a copy of the oratorio Samson, and studied it till he had taught himself to read. When he was six he composed an oratorio called Ruth, keeping the airs laid up in his memory till he knew sufficient about the theory of music to be able to write them down. Famous as Samuel became, there can be little doubt

that he would have become an even greater musician had he not had the misfortune to injure himself by a fall. For seven years he suffered from depression, so much so that even his music, the thing he loved best, hardly interested him; and the eccentric ways which made him the talk of the town were the result of this mishap. He became the greatest organist of his day, but he was always a difficult man to live with. He would sometimes rage and storm, and at other times would pray fervently. He was irritable and sudden, unforgiving if angered, but generous to friends.

MESSIER 33

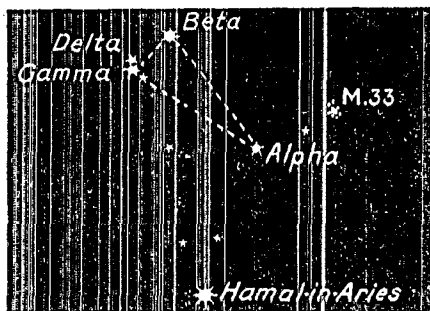
What Another Universe Reveals

By the C.N. Astronomer

There is now to be seen very high in the south-east in the evening a vast, mysterious universe that is at the great distance of some 700,000 light-years. Once thought to be a nebula and known as Messier 33, it is now revealed as a remarkable galaxy of many millions of suns and worlds, and a universe generally in an earlier and more youthful stage than our own Universe.

Powerful field-glasses or even a small telescope will reveal it as small patches of faint light not unlike misty stars set in a faint luminosity. Great telescopes, however, reveal by photography a glorious scene.

Whirling streams of suns, which provide the light which we see with the glasses, radiate in vast spirals from the bright central nucleus, the main streams curving so as to produce a rough resemblance to the letter S reversed. Spectroscopic research through the most



The Triangle, showing position of Messier 33

powerful telescopes has revealed the presence in exceptionally large numbers of giant suns of the blue, or Orion, type, and therefore in the early, hottest stage of their existence. Innumerable lesser lights involved in radiant nebulousity with intervening dark areas confirm the fact that this universe, though much smaller than our own, is different in structure and composition, apparently because it is in an earlier stage of evolution.

It is strange that such a universe should be relatively near to our own and the great universe known as the Andromeda Nebula, or Messier 31. The Andromeda Nebula is similar to our own and is only a few degrees north of Messier 33, the three galaxies, or universes, occupying, as they appear at the present time, this relatively small locality in illimitable space, though it would be more precise to say that they occupied their present *apparent* positions between 500,000 and a million years ago; for universes travel with the enormous speeds of from 1000 to 24,000 miles a second.

Millions of Galaxies

A very amazing feature is that all these galaxies, of which several millions are already known, appear to be travelling outward as if blown from some creative centre in the dim past, and that they form part of some yet more vast and never-ending scheme of things. It is as if Existence ascends by stages to a still vaster and higher order of speed and immensity.

Messier 33 appears to cover an area about the size of that covered by two moons. It is indicated on the star-map of the chief stars of the small constellation of the Triangle, which will be easily identified to the north of Aries (described in the C.N. for October 2), the glorious Messier 33 appearing to the right or west, of the faint star between it and Alpha.

These stars of Alpha, Beta, and Delta are of interest because they are all double suns. Alpha is remarkable for the rapidity with which the two suns revolve round their common centre, taking only about 1½ days, while they

Continued in column four

LONDON AS A GARDEN

Back to the Days of Splendour

THE BISHOP'S 20 BUSHEL OF ROSES

OUR gardeners have reached the last great tasks of the year.

Cuttings are being taken and struck; annual plants join the dead leaves and unwanted growths on the jovial bon-fires; the soil has to be dug over and fertilised, the perennial plants split to multiply in new numbers; thousands of gifts change hands as friend gives to friend, and, finally, in with these go the bulbs and the new shrubs which are to add to next year's garden glories.

This year visitors to London have realised that one of the features making the great city a queen of capitals is the beauty of the lawns and flowers in our parks and gardens. Every year our gardening sense develops, and, with the gradual improvement in our formerly smoke-laden air, the city wears a lovelier floral face than many a smaller industrial town in the provinces. Where are finer trees to be found, oaks, elms, chestnuts, limes, and towering planes; where more magnificent outdoor blooms?

Unconsciously London is reverting to something of the loveliness of scene that made it resplendent when Shakespeare saw it, to the joyousness of colour and perfume that made a setting for Tudor and Plantagenet pageantry and golden splendour. Our ancestors were ignorant of hygiene, but they loved comeliness and beauty of home and garden, and London was a city of gardens. The great ones, with their palaces and mansions, are gone, but

thousands of lesser ones, bright with growths then undiscovered or not yet evolved, have taken their places.

We all remember the story of the garden of the town house of the Bishops of Ely in Holborn, and the significant place given by Shakespeare to the strawberries they grew there.

When Queen Elizabeth's Bishop Cox of Ely was induced to vacate his Holborn palace in favour of Sir Christopher Hatton he leased the palace and garden of the Bishop of London, whose home was then hard by St Paul's, a place to which kings and princes and ambassadors came, and in whose dungeons men languished for their faith.

It was from there that Katherine of Aragon went to her bridal with Prince Arthur, the doomed elder brother of Henry the Eighth, who was to become her second husband. So magnificent was the occasion of the wedding, and so great the wealth displayed by our courtiers, that an ambassador wrote that the gold chains worn by them might have served to fetter felons, so massive were they, and so immense their value.

The garden of the palace was in keeping with the magnificent remainder. Tradesmen bought its crops of nuts. When the Bishop of London let the palace to his brother of Ely he made two reservations—one that he should walk in the garden at will; the other that he should have the right to gather 20 bushels of roses in it each summer.

BENEFITS FORGOT

The Old Contemptibles

IT was pathetic the other day to hear Lord Carisbrooke speak of the Old Contemptibles Association as a dwindling community, reduced to 1940 members.

The Old Contemptibles themselves, of whom some of the young C.N. readers have never heard except as a legend, are also dwindling. There cannot be large numbers left of the men whom the Kaiser called our "contemptible little army," the men who went as the Expeditionary Force to France in 1914, who were hustled back in the Retreat from Mons, but were of invaluable help at the Battle of the Marne.

They fought gloriously, they suffered heavily, and thousands of them were among "the unreturning brave, the brave who will return no more." Their glory has faded today, but history will revive their fame, and those who do remember what they did, and of whose lives the Old Contemptibles were a part, must ever hold them in deep affection.

The saddest thing in Lord Carisbrooke's survey of the Association's

position was that there were 95 Old Contemptibles on the Association's books who were out of work and seeking employment. There are larger numbers, who have fallen on evil days and many in real need who are too proud to ask for help. That is what it is to be an Old Contemptible. They cannot dig because they are growing too old or there is no digging to be done; and to beg they are ashamed.

This sad truth is well known among many Service men, and they learn it sometimes when those among them who have found their task in life sufficient for their needs, and meet at an annual reunion of their old unit. Some faces are sure to be missing, and oftenest it is because the absentee cannot afford to pay for the dinner.

It is the way of the world. We once heard a doctor say that his profession was well aware of the meaning of the phrase "Benefits forgot," but a bad day it will be for Britain if she should forget her Old Contemptibles.

OUR NEW TOWNS

The Smuggler and the Market

SO many urban districts in England are receiving charters and becoming towns that it is difficult to keep trace of them. Bexley is among the latest, with the Father of its Council, Mr A. J. Franklin, as its mayor at 82, old in years yet young in heart as when we shared a fighting platform with him long ago.

At the same time there comes news that cattle-smuggling over the Irish Free State border has practically ceased.

Though to us there seems little connection between these two items of news, this would have seemed a mysterious combination of affairs to our ancestors. To them the multiplication of market towns and the increase of smuggling appeared as obvious cause and effect.

In the old days of smuggling and cattle-stealing the Government ordered that sales of domestic animals should take place only in authorised centres. If these centres were watched by the guardians of the law the chances of dishonesty were greatly minimised.

Our local histories surprise us by the roll of these old towns. While places of more importance were ignored, charters were often granted to insignificant villages, and in these the markets were held, and not elsewhere.

Such charters were sometimes granted to gratify and enrich a royal favourite, but the reason was chiefly that, the fewer the market towns, the fewer the places at which thieves could offer stolen animals for sale.

Picture on page 3

HIDDEN IN AN OLD CUPBOARD

News From a 900-Year-Old House

People who live in old houses are sometimes fortunate enough to find something of interest, and perhaps of value, which previous owners have lost or thrown away.

It may be an early form of mousetrap, a spice mill, an early leather shoe or cap, a tinder-box complete with flint and steel, or even some patten-irons for shoes. Such things were often overlooked, or considered of no value. And then a visit to London or local museums proves a constant mine of interest to the lucky finder in the hope of seeing something similar.

The Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington gladly welcomes offers of early Victorian wall-papers, for example, as they have all too few of these. Many of those they have were found as linings of old chests and cupboards. Unlike rooms, these were not renewed from time to time.

An Early Stamp-Collector

One old manor house (Luddesdown Court in Kent) seems to have proved a mine of such museum specimens because of its 900 years of existence as a dwelling, though most of the various items recovered are but fragments or quite worn out.

A Victorian cupboard in the house seems to have been in turn the north window of the oratory, then a priest's hiding hole when the Jesuits were hunted up and down the countryside.

Among the rubbish which had there accumulated was an old mouse's nest, and embedded in it an envelope of a letter posted in Richmond and received at Gravesend, the nearest post town then and now, on September 25, 1847. This worn envelope had no gum on it, but was folded in the form familiar to us and sealed with one tiny spot of scarlet sealing-wax like a small wafer.

Even in those early days there were stamp collectors, apparently, for the stamp had been carefully cut out. Stamp collections may be enriched from time to time by letters found in attic cupboards and dusty cellars, and some of the stamps may be rare and valuable.

25 YEARS AGO

From the C.N. of October 1912

Blowing Up an Ice-Field. There seems no limit to the enterprise of man. He digs in the depths of the earth for his fuel, he dips into the crater of a volcano for sulphur, he plunges to the bottom of the sea for his pearls, he wrests his nitrogen from the air in which the earth is enveloped. Now he is to blow up a glacier and sell the ice in the market-place!

The first glacier to meet with such a sad fate is the ice-field of Saleinaz, above Orsières, in the Swiss Alps. Here starts the Great St Bernard Road, long used by travellers before the railways came. A railway line now runs near the glacier, and makes it profitable to quarry and sell the ice as if it were stone.

Continued from column one

are only about 360,000 miles apart—less than half the width of our Sun—their distance from us being about 64 light-years. Beta is 233 light-years distant and composed of two suns which take 31½ days to revolve, for they are about 6,250,000 miles apart. Delta is much the nearest, being only 35 light-years distant and composed of two suns only 750,000 miles apart, which revolve round a central point between them in a little under ten days.

We thus see three double suns of similar type which have obviously divided ages ago.

G. F. M.

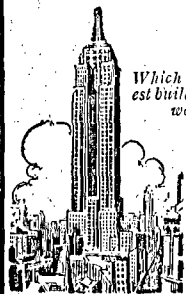
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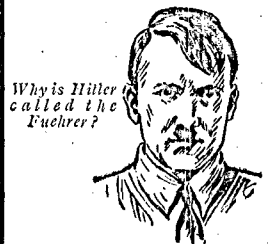
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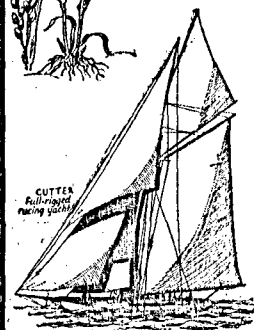
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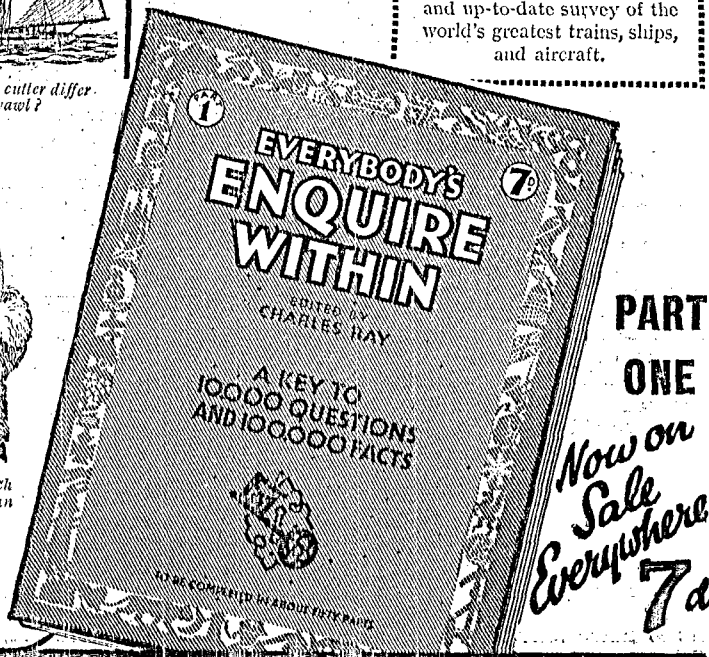
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PART ONE

Now on Sale Everywhere 7d

THE MEN WHO WORK MANY FATHOMS DEEP

Gardens Under the Sea
FARMERS IN DIVING DRESS

One of the most curious of the recent exhibits in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington is the model of George Washington's home, built of 21,760 pearls.

It was made originally for the Chicago Exhibition of 1933, and was given by Mr Mikimoto, the Japanese millionaire of Tokyo, who discovered the way by which cultured pearls could be grown in seven years, and who now, at the age of eighty, sells pearls on a tremendous scale through his offices all over the world.

It took a great many years to discover how to put into practice the idea of making the oyster produce a pearl around a tiny piece of mother-o'-pearl introduced into the three-year oyster and acting as an irritant. Mikimoto had heard the legend in 1880 of how the Chinese river men had implanted tiny clay Buddhas in river mussels, and how the mussels secreted a pearl-like substance over the little statuettes. For 23 years Mikimoto, then a macaroni merchant, experimented with the idea, and his wife, loyally guarding the secret, worked with him.

Girls Who Dive For Pearls

The men divers in this enormous industry have been replaced by girls. Women have better lungs than men, and can withstand more easily the icy-cold winter water when the young oysters are collected. The lithe, athletic man pearl-diver of former days seems to have disappeared.

Different from the story of the girl pearl-divers of Mikimoto is that of the hardy Japanese divers in full diving costume who are today growing veritable market-gardens many fathoms below the surface. These submarine gardeners, wearing covers over their dresses specially designed to protect them against attacks from the octopus, farm large areas of kelp on the sea-bottom. The plant grown is actually the sargasso weed, which is cultivated and harvested entirely on the bottom of the ocean, carefully raked at intervals by the divers to free it from weeds.

The submarine crop, harvested entirely by farmers in diving dress, is dried on land, and fetches about £80 a ton, and is not only eaten as a food but is used for making sweets and also cloth.

This new submarine gardening, possibly the most remarkable in the world, was seen recently by Captain John Craig of Lusitania fame, whose book about his submarine experiences is about to appear.

ILL FARES THE LAND The Sad Decline in Farming

In spite of all recent efforts to protect the farmer, farming declines.

It is a matter which can be summed up in a few statements of fact. Between 1927 and 1937 the following declines took place:

Cultivated British land fell from 30,272 to 29,342 acres, there being a big fall in arable land and a small increase in pasture.

The number of farm workers fell from 894,000 to 741,000.

There was less cultivation, with a drop in land employment. Farm horses also fell off in number, from 1,046,000 in 1927 to 835,000 this year. The number of farms fell, even between 1931 and 1935, from 391,941 to 374,158.

Now we have fresh, generous proposals to help agriculture, and it will be interesting to see whether they are successful in stopping the rot.

SHARKS

We have been hearing quite a lot about sharks lately. They have been reported at many English watering places, where they have been frightening the bathers.

We need not be surprised that sharks are found so near home, for they are migratory fish, at home in tropical, temperate, and Arctic seas.

Among the most terrible creatures of the deep, sharks have cruel teeth, terribly strong and tenacious. The tope shark is common round our coasts, often reaching a length of six feet; and the tiger, one of the commonest and most handsome of all the sharks found in the Indian Ocean, is often 15 feet long.

There is the Port Jackson shark, its jaw armed with small teeth, a survival of a species found in fossil form; and the curiously named angel fish, often found in the North Atlantic.

Monsters of the Deep

Biggest of all the species are the Pelagic sharks, armed with powerful cutting teeth. They include the blue shark, which often follows ships for weeks at a time, a monster sometimes 30 feet long, and the Carcharodon, the terror of tropical waters. It is thought to be dying out, but specimens 40 feet long have been met with, and its fossil forebears are believed to have been 90 feet long. Even this is not the biggest of the tribe, for there is an inhabitant of the Indian and Pacific oceans known to be over 50 feet long. Only a few have ever been caught, but one was taken at the Cape of Good Hope, and another near the Seychelles. Its teeth are comparatively small.

Many other sharks hunt the depths of the ocean, among them the spinous shark and the Greenland shark, which is sometimes over 25 feet long.

No part of a shark need be wasted. The skin made into shoe leather is five times as enduring as calf leather. The head may be boiled down for glue. The teeth are sold to jewellers. The fins are prized by the Chinese. The liver and fat are valuable for their oil, and the meat is pleasing, the American Bureau of Fisheries having issued a pamphlet describing as many as 30 recipes for cooking shark flesh.

As a matter of fact, what is sold as rock salmon in many fish shops is actually dogfish, a species of shark.

ON THE PRAIRIE Canada and Her Trees

A Canadian farmer's wife, who has worked 15 years in Saskatchewan, tells us how the farmers there destroyed their own livelihood by tearing up trees and bush and bluff, and so making a wilderness.

She says she watched them doing it. When a number of them were at her house talking of clearing bluff and trees she used to say, "You will take your wind-break away," but she was laughed at.

Now many have ceased to laugh, and over great areas the desert has marched and ruin has spread.

Another correspondent recently returned from the West says that when he left at the end of May this year there had been no rain in Saskatchewan for twelve months and no crop since 1929. Pneumonia from the suffocating dust-storms, malnutrition, and lack of proper diet are sapping the lives of the farmers.

The whirlwind is no empty metaphor in Saskatchewan, but can be seen in dust clouds swirling round like tormented spirits, stretching their choking arms to high heaven, cutting down the life of every green blade as they pass.

ENGLAND'S LITTLE KING

Edward the Sixth

He was born 400 years ago this week. An exceedingly delicate figure, his grey eyes looking out from a face as fair as a girl's, he walked languidly across the stage of history, a book in his hand.

He was Edward the Sixth, son of the terrible Henry the Eighth, and his little life was over at 16.

Born at Hampton Court on October 12, 1537, his mother was Jane Seymour, and Mary and Elizabeth (both queens of England) were his sisters.

Short in stature, a mere child, he was curiously grave and had a quiet dignity which commanded respect. He was a born scholar, loving books with all his heart, holding the pages close to his face, for his eyes were weak. Often he was so engrossed in reading that he did not hear people coming, and his attendants had



frequently to give a little cough to make him aware of their presence.

We think of him as a frail piece of humanity, wandering about his palace, strolling across green lawns, sitting with his white hands clasped before him as he listens to music, or perhaps playing with the quadrant which is now among the treasures in the British Museum.

A greater contrast to his father it would be hard to imagine. Weak in character and lacking in personality, he was in the main the toy of Protectors. Caring nothing for kingly sports, and without any desire to shape the course of events, he was content to remain with his books, thankful to be able to escape whatever duties might fall to him. So unsteady was his hand that his writing was never very good, and his signature, which we may see on several documents, is childish. In spite of that he was an amazing scholar, knowing several languages, and reading his Bible with delight.

Unfortunate Barnaby

It is said that he was so frail that, in days when it was generally believed to be unwise to spare the rod, he never received a beating, his friend Barnaby Fitzpatrick taking his thrashings for him.

Upon this little prince fell the kingly state. He was only nine when he went in a dazzling procession from the Tower to Whitehall, where Archbishop Cranmer crowned him. He remained a scholar to the end, and sat on the throne six years. His health was never good, and he died one summer's day in 1553, after repeating a prayer he had composed.

He was buried in Henry the Seventh's Chapel, one of seventy royalties there, the youngest king of all.

The Biggest Vine

A correspondent in Glasgow sends us a reminder of the existence of a vine claiming to be the biggest in the world.

It is at Forth Vineyard, Kippen, and yields 2000 bunches of grapes a year, or four times as many as the famous Hampton Court vine. This Scottish vine was planted in 1891, and its branches cover an area of over 300 feet.

HOW THE BEES TALK

An After-Dinner Dance

When the bee has made a meal from a flower it dances a measure on the floor of the hive.

This is the observation made by Professor von Frisch, the German naturalist who studies bees at Munich and keeps watch on them through a glass window in their hive.

When the bee has sipped its fill from flower or saucer, it returns to the hive to tell its fellow-workers. It first delivers the honey or sugar water to them to be built up into the cells. Then it begins to dance, tripping it once to the right and once to the left, and continuing the performance for half a minute or more, before moving on a few steps to begin again. The bees on the wax comb become excited, and presently one of them, after cleaning its wings and antennae, leaves the hive and goes straight to the place where the first bee sipped its dinner. Other bees follow in turn.

It is Professor von Frisch's belief that the dance is the way the bees talk. He notes that if there is no dance there is no search, and that the bee which takes the hint that there is honey to be had for the taking never follows the bee that has brought the news, but goes off by itself to find it, usually in a straight line.

If the honey is plentiful a number of bees go, and this Professor von Frisch attributes to the scent gland a bee carries, which is brought into play to spread a delicate perfume the bees alone can perceive. By numbering his tame bees, and observing the flowers they sought, Professor von Frisch found that, after being told that there was honey in a cyclamen, for example, the bees always went to that flower and to no others.

SCHOOL BROADCASTS

In a talk by Mr W. W. Williams next Tuesday we are to learn how to understand animal movements from the traces left behind them; and on Friday we shall hear something about Arizona. Last year Miss Rhoda Power spent a considerable time in Arizona, and she will tell us some of her adventures there, including one in which she was caught in a desert sandstorm.

England and Wales—National

MONDAY, 2.5 How the Soil Became Fertile: by B. A. Keen. 2.30 Junior Music (Triple Time, the Semibreve): by Thomas Armstrong.

TUESDAY, 11.25 History in the Making. 2.5 The Nature Detective—The Fingerprint Department: by W. W. Williams. 2.30 Book Talk—Desmond MacCarthy on F. Anstey's Vice Versa. 3.0 Handel and the Solo Voice: by Thomas Armstrong.

WEDNESDAY, 2.5 Greece and Persia—Salamis: by Hugh Ross Williamson. 2.30 Water and Fuel: by H. Munro Fox. 3.0 Studio Concert (oboe).

THURSDAY, 11.25 An Administrator Looks at the Near East: by Sir Ronald Storrs. 2.5 Our Village—Going to Market. 2.30 Workers in the Country: by Rhoda Power. FRIDAY, 2.5 In the Bird Islands of Peru: by Hilda G. Irvine. 2.30 In Arizona: by Rhoda Power. 3.15 Next week's Broadcast Music: by Scott Goddard. 3.55 Foreign Affairs: by Sir Frederick Whyte.

Scottish Regional

MONDAY, 2.30 Speech Training (Using the Chin—ce, ay, ah): by Anne H. McAllister.

TUESDAY, 2.5 The Animals of the Forest: by Dr A. E. Cameron. 2.30 Poetry—Scots Ballads: by Dr J. W. Oliver.

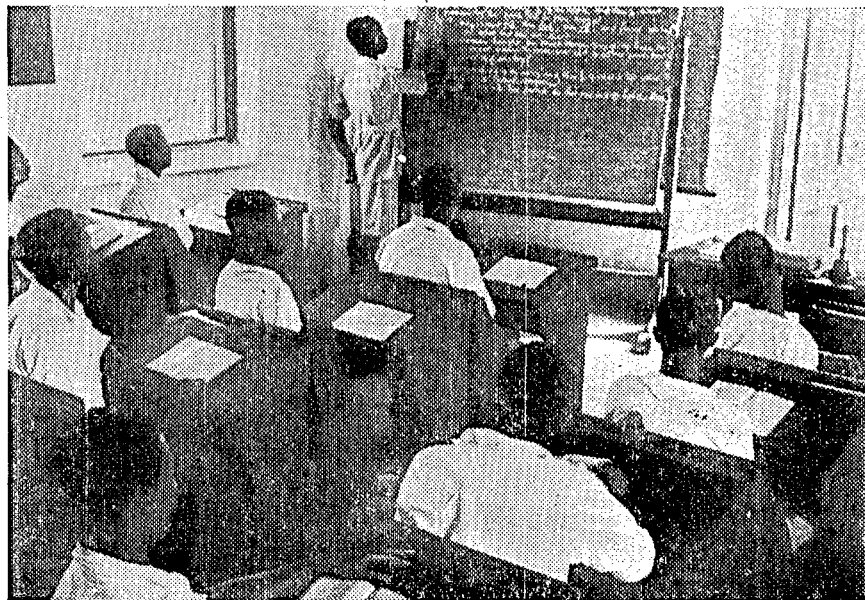
WEDNESDAY, 2.30 Animals Develop a Head: by A. D. Peacock. 3.0 As National.

THURSDAY, 2.5 Music—A Conductor's Job: by Herbert Wiseman. 2.40 Seed Dispersal: by R. J. D. Graham. 3.5 The Ironsides in Scotland: by R. L. Mackie.

FRIDAY, 2.5 Junior Geography (Europe—The Gateway to the South): by J. J. Oberlin. 2.55 The Sea—a Programme of Stories, Poems, and Music.

KOFI IN COCOA-LAND

These heads have brains



When I am sixteen I hope to take an examination like your School Certificate. Then I hope to go to Assuantsi Government Agricultural College. This is a class at that College. And as you see, it's like any other class. There is not much difference, after all, between you English boys and Kofi Yeboah.



My brother Kojo went to Cadbury Hall, Kumasi. In the picture he is nearest the camera. The instructor is explaining something to them. Fellows who have been through Cadbury Hall certainly know how to grow good Cocoa trees, and how to get fine Cocoa beans. This College is run by the British Government. Cadburys gave the building.



Sometimes fellows say, what's the good of learning things in books? That's silly. Think what you can do with books. For example, take the two clerks in this picture. This is a scene in our local Court. On the right is the man in the dock. He talks in Akan. But the clerks write it all down in English. Would you be surprised if I told you that some of our Court clerks have been called to the Bar in England?

THE TENT BAG

A Camping Story
By D. M. Gill

CHAPTER 1 Not Wanted

It was a gorgeous autumn morning. Jack Sadler, feeling stifled in his father's office, thought longingly of green meadows and beech woods carpeted with red leaves, and spent ten minutes of his lunch hour in ringing up his best pal.

"Look here, Chris! What do you say to some camping this week-end? I know just the spot for us—a back-of-beyond sort of place in the wilds of Hertfordshire. Brother Bill camped there regularly last year and left his kit in store at the farm, so all we need take is food and a couple of blankets. What do you say?"

"I'm with you," boomed Chris Nash's clear voice over the line. "I suppose we bike it? How far out is the place?"

"Only about 25 miles. Meet you tonight as usual and we can fix things up then."

By seven-thirty on Friday evening the two friends had forsaken the arterial road and were bowling swiftly and silently along leafy lanes, every mile taking them deeper into the heart of the countryside.

"Has your brother Bill been down here at all this summer?" Chris asked as at length they swerved into the long, rather rough track which led to Cherry Tree Farm.

"No, he's been too busy. But he assured me it would be quite all right for us to come. He left his tent with the farmer on the understanding that he would be down some time this year."

"What's the farmer's name?"

"Meggs. Quite a decent old boy from Bill's description."

They braked and sprang off outside the farmhouse.

The barking of a ferocious-looking dog shattered the peace of the evening until the farmer appeared.

The moment Meggs learnt their business his expression, not over-friendly in the first place, hardened considerably. His jaw set in a sour and very discouraging fashion.

"I've given up having campers," he growled. "Too much nuisance. I can't do with them."

"But you told my brother last year that he could come back this season," Jack reminded him. "He left his camping outfit here on purpose," he added.

"Oh, he did, did he? Well, I don't know where it's got to. I can't do with campers about the place."

The two friends looked at each other. "We are trained campers," Jack explained; "we should not do any damage or make ourselves a nuisance."

"I'm the best judge of that," was the farmer's blunt rejoinder. "No, I can't do with you this season."

"Well, what about my brother's belongings," flared up Jack. "They are about somewhere. He said he left them on a shelf in the granary."

"Oh, he did, did he? Then you can go and look for yourselves. Up those stone steps there."

Chris and Jack climbed to the granary and prowled among the meal-sacks in the half-light until they came on Bill's possessions in a pile on a shelf, as he had described.

"Hallo, somebody has removed the cover of the tent," exclaimed Jack, peering about for it.

"What do you mean?"

"The long canvas bag which holds the tent when it's rolled up—a sausage-shaped affair which ties at the top."

"Can't see it anywhere," Chris had pulled out his electric torch.

"That's funny. Bill would surely leave the tent tied up in it."

"Besides," added Chris, scrutinising the pile, "there's no dust on the tent, though the rest of the stuff is thick with it. Obviously the cover has been taken off recently. Queer!"

Sharing the baggage, they descended to the yard. Meggs eyed them uneasily.

"Ah, now I come to think of it, my son did say something about a tent up in the granary and asked me whose it was, but for the life of me I couldn't remember. An anxious gleam appeared in his eye. 'What are you going to do with it?'"

"Set up camp, of course," replied Jack coolly. "If you will not have us we can soon find a farmer who will. Probably not far away."

"Wait a minute now." Meggs's uneasiness grew; he wavered. "So you'd tell tales to the neighbours about me, would you. I reckon you'd be best here after all."

"What do you take us for?" burst out Jack hotly. "Do you think we want to stay here now?"

"Now, don't you take offence, lad. You come along with me and I'll show you a snug little place for your camp."

Meggs marched off, but for a moment Jack hung back.

"We'd better take his offer," advised Chris. "It will save us a lot of fog."

So they shouldered the kit and followed the enigmatic Meggs.

The place to which he led them was a long way from the house; a hollow surrounded by trees, too shut in for the boys' liking and lacking a view.

"Where do we go for water?" asked Chris. "Back to that windmill?"

Meggs started. Chris was pointing back at the motionless steel wind-wheel of a windmill water pump which was just visible.

"No, no, not that. I can't have you coming to the house at all hours. My son passes near here with the milk each morning. He'll leave you a milk-can full of water. That'll last you some time."

"And a quart of milk and six eggs," called Chris, as the farmer stumped away.

"Well, Jack," he continued, giving a hand with the tent, "this is a rum show. Seems that Meggs has put us down here to keep us out of the way. But why?"

"And why must we not go near the house? And what does his son want with an old canvas tent cover, for obviously it is he who has taken it? Oh, I give it up—for tonight, at any rate. I'm ready to turn in."

As they prepared to do so there came the low purring of a machine, and a second or two later a small monoplane was silhouetted against the evening sky.

"Don't recognise the make," remarked Chris. "I believe it's a foreign one."

The plane flew low over the rising ground, circled twice near the farm, and flew back in the direction from which it had come.

"Air manoeuvres at sunset!" Chris chuckled. "The mystery deepens!"

CHAPTER 2 The Monoplane

At the rattle of milk-cans the next morning the pair sprinted and came out on a small road. The farmer's son, a black-browed, swarthy fellow, drew up his lorry as they reached him, but before he

could speak to them he was accosted by a passing hiker, a fair, long-legged youth in old flannels carrying a camp stool and easel.

The artist youth, anxious for some exact directions, engaged the other in lengthy conversation. The two friends grew impatient. Jack mounted the back of the lorry. There were their eggs and milk. Which milk-can held their water?

Two at the rear seemed fastened less securely than the rest. When he lifted the cap of the first he stared in astonishment. It was empty except for a long, narrow canvas bag lying crumpled at the bottom—the missing tent bag!

He stifled an exclamation and shut the top of the can quickly as the younger Meggs appeared.

"That's the one," he said, as Jack handled the second milk-can. "It's heavy. You'll have to stand it inside the field here and come down to it."

"Say, Chris," burst out Jack, directly the lorry had moved off, "that fellow has got the tent bag with him! What on earth for?" He stopped, suddenly aware that the fair youth was listening.

"Something of yours been stolen?" asked the young man with interest.

"Only a canvas bag," explained Jack. "We missed it yesterday, and I've just spotted it in one of those milk-cans. But what's the use of it to anyone else?"

"Ah!" A faint gleam shone in the artist's eye. "It would be a useful bag for holding things, I suppose? Strong and waterproof?"

"Oh, yes," admitted Jack; "but what things?"

"Ah!" The artist raised his eyebrows, shrugged, and went his way.

"Idiot!" commented Jack after his long retreating figure.

The day was so overpoweringly hot that the couple spent most of it reading and yarning in a cool spot near the camp. Few sounds broke the stillness. Later that morning they heard the milk lorry rattle by on its return journey. Towards evening they again caught the sound they had heard the previous night.

"It's that little plane again," exclaimed Chris, jumping up. "I know the engine."

Sure enough it was the monoplane, and, as the two friends watched, again it circled near the farm.

"Look!" Chris pointed excitedly to the wind-wheel. "It's revolving!"

JACKO IS CAUGHT OUT AGAIN

JACKO had almost given up hope of having his annual visit to Farmer Tutt when at last the invitation came.

"Listen!" he cried, reading the note.

"I'm to take Baby with me, and he says we're to get there early."

No need to have told Jacko that! Mr and Mrs Tutt had scarcely finished breakfast when the boys arrived.

Baby was so excited that he wanted to see everything at once. They fed the

The farmer strode away, and Jacko marched up and down between the freshly-harrowed lines, whirling the clacker for all he was worth.

But before long he got tired of it. "Look here, youngster," he said to his brother. "Suppose you do this for a bit while I go and read by that hayrick."

Baby gurgled, and clutched the clacker with delight, while Jacko strolled off and pulled a paper from his pocket.



Baby was chasing them all over the place.

horses, tickled the pigs, drove the cows, and spent a wonderful morning.

After dinner the farmer remarked that he had a little job to be done.

"I'm your man," grinned Jacko.

Mr Tutt took them to a newly-sown cornfield, and produced a clacker, which he whirled round in his hand. It made a rattling din, and away flew a crowd of rooks which had been cheerfully pecking at the seeds.

"Now then, my lad," he said, "you flourish this for a while and scare off those busy thieves."

He was soon engrossed in a stoty and forgot everything else till a deafening racket made him jump up.

What a commotion! A dog and two puppies were barking and yapping, while Baby, shrieking with glee, was chasing them with the clacker all over the place!

"Crikey!" groaned Jacko, running forward to stop them.

But Farmer Tutt got there first—and the roar he gave when he saw his trampled furrows was worse than the noise that had frightened the rooks!

"But why shouldn't it?" argued Jack. "I thought it was meant to."

"But, don't you see—there's no wind! It's being worked by somebody as a signal to that plane. Look, the pilot is dipping in reply. And now the wheel has stopped."

The aeroplane made off, and the pair stared at each other.

"There's something fishy going on up there," said Jack. "I wish we could find out what. Hallo, there's that artist chap again!" he added.

The fair young man was seated on a stile studying the retreating aeroplane through field-glasses. He had evidently seen what the campers had.

"Useful little machine," he remarked, as he met their gaze. "A two-seater. Wish it had come down."

"Difficult to do round here, I should imagine," replied Jack scathingly.

"Oh, there's an ideal stretch on the far side of the farm. Pity not to use it."

Uncertain whether to take the young man seriously or not, Chris and Jack turned back to camp. Before long, rolled in their blankets, they again forgot the mysteries of the farm in sleep.

Just after dawn Chris sat up with a start and shook Jack.

"Listen! That monoplane's about again! Come on, quick!"

They tugged on their shorts and dashed out. A light mist hung over the countryside as they made their way toward the farm, where the sound of the engine came from.

"It's going to land on the far side," gasped Chris. "Put on a spurt."

They hurried until they were past the farm and running on a stretch of smooth, close-cropped grass the other side of it. A hedge loomed up on the left.

"Keep in," warned Chris, hugging shelter.

The monoplane zoomed overhead in a wide curve, dangling a rope, appearing and disappearing again in the mist. A figure ran forward; it was the farmer's son, carrying a long object. Again the monoplane swept out of the mist, making straight for Meggs, and this time the watchers could see a form leaning from the cockpit paying out the rope with lightning rapidity.

As soon as the weighted end of it touched ground Meggs seized it, and a second later the long object he had carried began to move. A man shouted; figures ran. But Jack had eyes only for the sausage-shaped thing being drawn swiftly over the grass in the wake of the machine. In another moment Bill's tent bag, packed with mysterious contents, would be hauled skywards.

It was coming toward him. He sprang from the hedge and started running alongside the moving rope, feeling frantically for the knife at his belt as he went. Just as the bag streaked past him he flung himself on it, reckless of the danger, and, getting a vice-like grip, sawed at the rope with his knife.

The pace was terrific. To his horror he felt the ground sinking away beneath him as the machine began to climb, taking its burden with it. But by now his efforts had reduced the rope to a mere strand; it broke under his weight. He fell heavily to the ground, dazed and breathless.

He came to his senses to find that the plane had swerved and was coming down. Its wing-tip almost caught him. The instant it reached a standstill the two occupants leapt out and made for Jack. His one hope was Chris, and, dodging desperately, he veered in a wide circle back to the farm.

He was still dizzy from his fall and his burden was weighty. A rabbit hole tripped him and he fell sprawling. He heard the thudding of boots as his pursuers caught up with him; then a powerful voice:

"Hands up!"

The two flyers cowered back before a pair of deadly-looking revolvers. Jack scrambled up to find that his rescuers were Chris and the fair-haired artist.

"Tie 'em up!" rapped out the latter, tossing some lengths of rope to Jack. "You, too," he ordered Chris, taking the second revolver. "I'll keep 'em covered. This is a windfall and no mistake! I've been wanting to catch these two beauties for a long time. They're in league with the most notorious gang of jewel thieves in Europe."

A second detective rushed up at that moment and assisted, and twenty minutes later the three criminals—for the farmer's son completed the trio—were driven off under arrest.

"I called it a windfall," smiled the fair-haired detective, as he gripped Jack's hand in gratitude; "but it was a fall of a different kind for you, and a very sporting one. We should never have caught those two but for you, or recovered the jewels."

"Not to mention our tent bag," grinned Jack, hugging his bruised shoulders.

MOTHERS LEARN VALUE OF 'MILK OF MAGNESIA'



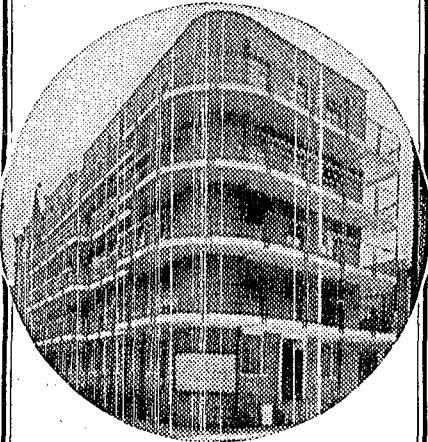
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President:
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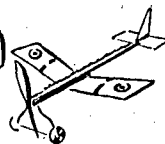
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The Grading Room exhibit, a replica of a complete inspection room in use at Dagenham;
The Crankshaft Balancing Machine, a highly technical apparatus by which Ford crankshafts are tested to extremely fine limits;
Core Making, showing how foundry-cores are made by one of the many labour-saving machines employed at Dagenham;
Gear-Listening Machine, a cameo of the Disappearing Car demonstrate the care taken to ensure gear-silence.
The Disappearing Engine, an outstanding exhibit exhibit which fascinated so many visitors to the 1936 Show;
The History of Linear Measurement, featuring many tracing the birth and evolution of measurement of length;
Ford Films, new and still better pictures, featuring many

**FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED,
DAGENHAM, ESSEX**
London Showrooms:
88 Regent Street, W.1

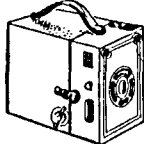
Which of these would you like? they're FREE!



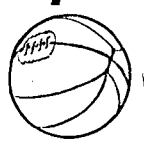
TANTALIZER PUZZLE This is a really grand game for wet week-ends. 15 coupons and Free Voucher.



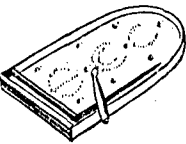
MODEL AERO-PLANE Width 17 in., length 19 in. Flying instructions in the box. 84 coupons and Free Voucher.



CAMERA Takes any 3½" by 2½" film. Gives excellent results. Instructions enclosed. 156 coupons and Free Voucher.



BOYS' FOOTBALL Cowhide leather, machine-sewn, with strong rubber bladder. 174 coupons and Free Voucher.



BAGATELLE BOARD You'll like this game — so will Dad. With cue and balls. 120 coupons and Free Voucher.

HERE'S ALL YOU HAVE TO DO

Just ask your mother to get some Rowntree's Cocoa. Every tin contains Free Gift Coupons — three in the quarter-pound size. You get coupons with Rowntree's Jellies, too.

Start collecting the Rowntree's Cocoa coupons right away. You'll soon have enough for your first gift.

SHOW THIS TO YOUR MOTHER

Rowntree's Cocoa, made by a special predigestive process, actually helps children to digest other food and get more nourishment from their meals.

★ To start your collection send a postcard (postage 1d.) to Rowntree & Co. Ltd., Dept. 5030, The Cocoa Works, York, for the free Gift Booklet, which includes a complete list of boys' and girls' gifts and a Free Voucher worth three coupons.

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

October 16, 1937

Every Thursday 2d

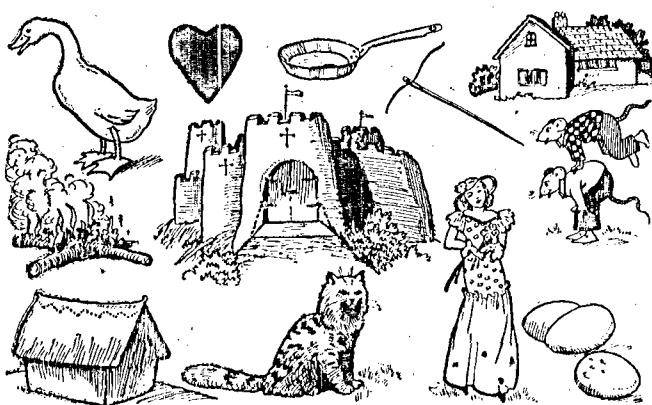
Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

MORE POCKET-MONEY FOR CLEVER READERS

BELOW are six groups of words, each belonging to a well-known saying or proverb. From each example two nouns are missing, and these are shown in the pictures. Can you identify the missing nouns and rearrange the jumbled sayings?

1. HIS IS — A — MAN'S
2. TIME — WHEN IS AWAY — THE WILL PLAY
3. NEVER — WON — FAINT FAIR
4. LOOKING — FOR A — IN LIKE A
5. INTO — THE OUT OF THE —
6. THE — LAYS THAT — GOLDEN KILLING THE

Two prizes of ten shillings and 12 half-crowns are offered for the best-written correct or nearest correct attempts sent



by girls and boys of 15 or under, and allowance will be made for age when judging. The Editor's decision is final. Write your list on a postcard, add your name, address,

and age, and send it to CN Competition Number 37, 1 Tallis House, London, E.C.4 (Comp.), to arrive not later than first post on Thursday, October 21.

THE BRAN TUB

What Am I?

FOUR-LETTERED, I'm no other one, Beheaded, I belong to him. Beheaded, I am part of "Be." Beheaded, I'm one-fourth of "Swim."

Answer next week

ICI on Parle Français



Le porteur La mallette Le taxi

Hé! Porteur! Voulez-vous porter ces mallettes à un taxi, s'il vous plaît?

Hé! Porter! Will you please carry these suitcases to a taxi?

Beginning Early

MOLLY: My baby brother is going to be an auctioneer when he grows up.

Joan: How do you know?
Molly: He's in training; he has had Father's watch under the hammer.

A Curious Optical Illusion

CAR drivers stopping with the traffic signal against them should not look too hard at the red light. If they do this and look away quite likely they will see a green disc, which may make them think it is time to go on while the signal is actually still at danger. Several cases have come under notice where drivers have been

misled by this optical illusion.

As a matter of fact, red and green are complementary colours, and if you look hard at either of these the impression left on the eye is that of the other. This impression is often seen with great clearness, and it is of the exact size and shape of the original object.

Christopher Quicksilver

CHRISTOPHER QUICKSILVER sits in the cellar

When the wind's blowing cold or when frost's in the air; But he's sure to pop out and climb right up his ladder When the sunbeams shine warm from a sky that is fair.

Find the Towns and Cities

READING down and across, the names of fifteen towns and cities of the world appear in the square. Can

Q	U	I	T	O	N	E
U	V	E	N	I	C	E
E	T	O	K	Y	O	L
B	A	N	B	U	R	Y
E	Y	E	L	E	K	O
C	R	O	M	E	R	N
R	M	A	D	R	A	S

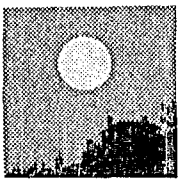
you find them all? Be careful. You may easily miss three or four. Answer next week

Peter Puck on School

NATURAL history I am learning, Hoping I may win a prize. Though it's autumn dark and chilly, Yesterday I swotted "flies."

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Mars and Jupiter are in the south-west, Saturn is in the south-east, and Uranus east-south-east. In the morning Venus and Mercury are in the east. The picture shows the Moon at nine o'clock on Tuesday evening, October 19.



This Week in Nature

AMONG the wild birds coming to these shores at this season is the long-tailed duck. The male bird, or drake, is black and white in colour and has a long tail consisting of 14 feathers. The long-tailed duck is a diver, and is usually found on salt-water. It has a loud musical call.

What Happened on Your Birthday

Oct. 17. Chopin died in Paris 1849
18. Lord Palmerston died 1865
19. Leigh Hunt born 1784
20. Sir Christopher Wren born 1632
21. Magellan entered Straits which bear his name 1520
22. Sir Cloudesley Shovell drowned 1707
23. Battle of Edgehill 1642

Magic Properties

THE properties of figures afford endless interest and amusement. Take, for instance, the figures 142857. Using these in varied order, though always in similar sequence, and in connection with 7 and 9, we get the following results:

142857 × 7 = 999999 ÷ 9 = 111111
285714 × 7 = 1999998 ÷ 9 = 222222
428571 × 7 = 2999997 ÷ 9 = 333333
571428 × 7 = 3999996 ÷ 9 = 444444
714285 × 7 = 4999995 ÷ 9 = 555555
857142 × 7 = 5999994 ÷ 9 = 666666

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

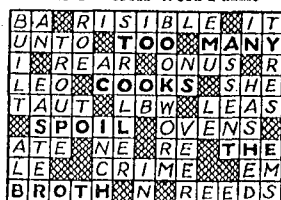
What Is This? A kettle

Name Puzzle. Gladys

What Am I? Knave

Curious Sentence. Ink sinks in.

The CN Cross Word Puzzle



RESTLESSNESS IN CHILDREN

A common cause of restlessness in children is constipation. When a child's system is full of poisonous, fermenting waste-matter natural rest is impossible.

The safest way to give your child a thorough internal cleansing is 'California Syrup of Figs,' which is a pure fruit laxative. It sets up a natural movement that carries away all the clogging, hard waste-matter and leaves the little inside sweetened and clean. Once a child has got rid of all that disagreeable sour matter that has been upsetting him he sleeps soundly and wakes up the picture of brightness.

Ask yourself if your child is hampered by poison spreading from an unhealthy, clogged system. A spoonful of 'California Syrup of Figs' will make him sweet-tempered and happy in a very few hours.

Remember—a child should never miss a day, and to ensure this regularity many mothers find there is nothing better than a regular weekly dose of 'California Syrup of Figs,' which is recommended by doctors and nurses. Get a bottle of this safe laxative today, but be sure to ask for 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Of all chemists 1/3 and 2/6 with full directions. The larger size is the cheaper in the long run.

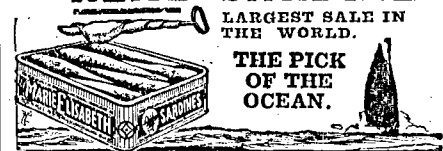
The Paper for the Boy of Today!

MODERN BOY keeps you ahead of the news! You will find described and pictured in its pages not only the latest mechanical marvels of today, but also those of tomorrow. In addition, it contains tiptop stories by the world's finest boy's authors. Buy a copy today!

MODERN BOY

Every Saturday. At all Newsagents 2d

MARIE ELISABETHS ARE REAL SARDINES



THE ABYSSINIA AND QUEEN ASTRID PACKET FREE.

With the African war over, stamps from Abyssinia will become scarce. There is a large pictorial stamp from that country in this packet of 35 different, a portrait stamp issued to perpetuate the memory of Belgium's lovely Queen whose tragic death shocked the world; a stamp depicting King Leopold and also King Albert; a historical stamp depicting our War Memorial in Whitehall, and one from Manchukuo; Chili, Guatemala, and Boy King of Jugoslavia; and set of Bohemia. Finally, there is a Queen Victoria stamp issued 95 years ago. Just send 2d. postage, requesting approvals. Lisburn & Townsend, Ltd. (C.N.), Liverpool.

★ ★ CORONATION PACKET ★ ★

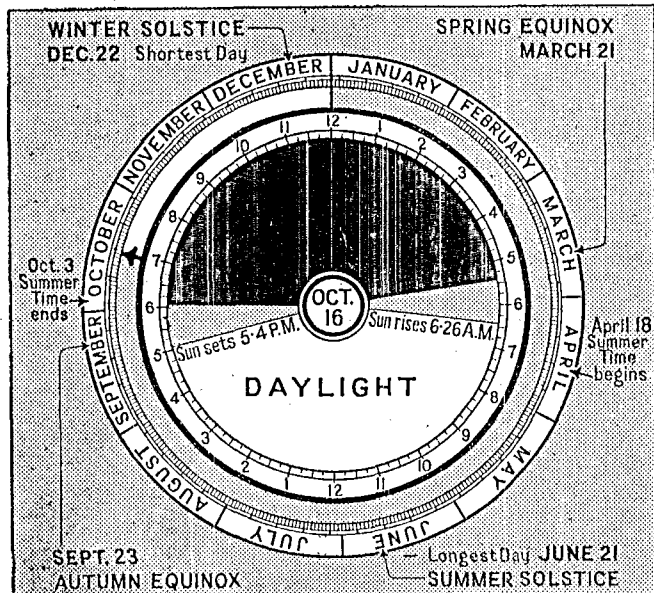
50 Fine Stamps, many new issues. KENYA-TANGANYIKA, CAYMAN Is., COSTA RICA (large Pictorial), PERSIA, CORONATION, CANADA, George VI, ANDORRA, New Issue, IVORY COAST, fine AUSTRALIA (Commemorative), DENMARK (Restoration), etc., and 4 FINE GEORGE VI CORONATION STAMPS. Price 2d. only, post free. Presented with this packet to all who ask for my approvals, a free set of 6 PERU, including New Issue, Bargains: 100 B. Colonial, 1/-; 20 Air-post, 6d.; 6 Triangular, 7d.; 12 Coronation, 1/2; 45 ditto. Send addresses of stamp collectors and receive an additional free set.—H. C. WATKINS, C.N. Dept., GRANVILLE ROAD, BARNET.

CORONATION STAMPS

The British King George VI Coronation Stamp overprinted for each one of the three Morocco Agencies, unused, sent free to all genuine applicants for stamp approvals enclosing 2d. postage. Mention C.N.

R. D. HARRISON, ROYDON, WARE

All enquiries concerning advertisement space in this publication should be addressed to: The Advertisement Manager, THE CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER, Tallis House, Tallis Street, London, E.C.4.



The CN Calendar. This calendar shows daylight, twilight, and darkness on October 16. The days are now getting shorter. The arrow indicating the date shows at a glance how much of the year has elapsed.